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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government on Thursday made public the full text of a pointed and powerful Note of complaint against the American Secretary of the Treasury. In a recent speech, which has undoubtedly done much to blacken the British name throughout Europe, Mr. Mellon maintained that we were receiving from Germany and our Allies considerably more than we need to meet our liabilities to the United States. That is a culpably inaccurate version of the facts and Mr. Churchill cannot be blamed for wishing to see it set right, even at this late hour. So far from making a profit out of our debt and reparations transactions on the one hand and our remittances to America on the other, we have suffered in the first a very considerable loss, are still on the wrong side of the account, and cannot, even in the most favourable circumstances, hope to begin to receive as much as we have contracted to pay out until another eighteen months have gone by. Mr. Mellon's insinuation was particularly disagreeable in view of the position we have taken throughout on the general prob-

lem of war debts, and the Government are right in nailing it to the counter. It is innuendoes of that kind that do more than many positive and obviously unfriendly acts to poison international feeling.

The second reading debate on the Trades Disputes Bill opened on Monday and led at once to some hysterically factitious "scenes" on the Labour benches. None of the speeches of the first two days was particularly good, with the exception of Mr. Spencer's. The member for Broxstowe, having fought extremism from within the Trade Union ranks during the coal strike and been expelled from the Labour Party in consequence, spoke with a candid fervour that moved his old colleagues to fury and the rest of the House to admiration. While only a supporter of the Bill with many reservations, he expressed a clear opinion that to brand a general strike as illegal was necessary for the nation, and the best thing that could happen for constitutional trade unionism. The latter point was particularly well taken, but the more conservative leaders of the Labour movement, of whom there are several in the House, could not be got to acknowledge its force and rele-

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vance. Even at Westminster they seem to speak and act under fear of the wild men behind them, and the helping hand held out by the Government is one they dare not publicly grasp. For the rest the Ministerial decision to place a general lock-out on the same level of illegality as a general strike removes one blemish from the Bill. But there will be plenty to do in Committee in removing other vaguenesses and ambiguities.

There is an air of artificiality about both the debates on the Trade Unions Bill in the Commons and the campaigns for and against it that are being conducted in the country. A false frenzy marks the speeches of both sides. Actually, neither employers nor workers are likely to gain or lose very much by the Bill, and it is hard to believe that they feel about it as strongly as they pretend. But it serves Labour's purpose to scream and gesticulate, so the argument from abuse has been called into service. Both sides are making the issue an excuse for great political activity, to stir up their supporters in the constituencies. This has given rise to repeated rumours of an election, which cannot have any substance. Mr. Baldwin went to the country unnecessarily once, and presumably he has learnt his lesson.

The Home Secretary intends, after all, to bring in a new Factories Bill this year. That is satisfactory not only for itself, but still more for the way in which he intends to proceed. The next six months are to be given up to consultation with employers, managers, foremen, and shop-stewards—with all, in short, to whom the daily intricate details of factory administration are familiar. There have been far too many instances of well-intentioned efforts from the outside to reform or modernize industrial practice. Usually they have failed of their purpose simply because neither Parliament nor Whitehall has the necessary intimate knowledge. Now Sir William Joynson-Hicks, in his endeavours "to bring the worst type of factory up to the level of the best," is setting about his task in a right and refreshing way. He is collecting expert opinion before even drafting his Bill. That is the path of wisdom, and it is doubly welcome to find him treading it because much of the trouble in industry arises out of small points of factory discipline and management that only grow to be sores through inattention.

But as with the Companies Bill and the Bill for altering the leasehold system, there is always the danger, in any legislation of this kind, of the economic back-fire. Mr. Lloyd George's famous tax on land values is the classic instance of the theoretically admirable project producing disastrous and unexpected results. So, too, the Companies Bill, by aiming too high, may turn out to be an estopper on practices and innovations that in a moderated and non-American form might greatly encourage the investment habit among our people. Lord Raglan, again, has pointed out in a letter to the Press that while the objects of the new Landlord and Tenant Bill receive a good deal of instantaneous approval they may not prove wholly to the advantage of the tenant. If he has to have a right of renewal, compensation for improvements

and goodwill, and the right of compulsory purchase of the freehold, he may score off the individual landlord, but at the same time he may be dealing a death-blow to the leasehold system. There is no sphere in which Parliament should advance more warily than in contracts between free and responsible people and in the infinitely varied minutiae of the workings of industry.

Even the sessions of the League of Nations Assembly each September do not bring so many delegates and experts to Geneva as have now collected in the City of Calvin for the International Economic Conference. No definite conventions will result from the discussions, because the delegates do not officially represent the Governments which have appointed them; nevertheless the present meeting is one of the most important that has been held since the Armistice. The next war, if there is to be one, will not be fought over frontier questions, but over such questions as the distribution of raw materials and artificial barriers to trade; and the very fact that all these potential obstacles to peace are to be discussed by influential economic experts of forty-three different nations, and that some sixty preliminary memoranda on them have already been prepared, may have a big indirect effect upon the development of our trade and industries.

We venture to prophesy that before the end of the Conference special correspondents of the daily newspapers, disappointed that it produces so few sensational events, will have classed it, quite unjustifiably, as a failure. When it was first announced that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics had decided to send a delegation it looked as though sensation might, after all, be provided, to the detriment of the smooth and useful working of the Conference. The composition of the Russian delegation, however, is interesting. All the delegates are important technical experts; not one of them has won notoriety as a politician. Stalin and his followers, who dislike the Third International, hope to destroy its influence by improving their commercial, and even their political, relations with other countries. The Economic Conference gives them an unusually favourable opportunity, and it is quite possible that one of the results of the Geneva meeting will be the final discrediting of the Third International and its world revolutionaries.

The present tranquillity in China may quite possibly not be the calm before a storm, for none of the four Governments of Peking, Hankow, Nanking or Canton has the military strength to enforce its will upon the others, nor the moral influence to institute a united policy towards the foreigner. Our ships on the Yangtze are used as targets by irresponsible Chinese soldiers, but this sort of thing has to be expected during a civil war, and apart from incidents of this nature there is a remarkable improvement in the attitude of Hankow towards us. This may be due to the fear of reprisals, to the growing influence of the "Moderate" policy fathered by Chiang Kai-shek, or to the realization by the leaders in Hankow that their Government is

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in process of dissolution and that they must take steps to protect their own skins. Whatever the cause, the fact is to be welcomed, and it would be absurd to revive anti-British feeling by presenting a threatening note to a Government which has long since lost the power of making the reparations the note would demand of it.

We hear very little these days about the spirit of Locarno, but M. Briand and Herr Stresemann, in their quiet way, have been trying to carry on their policy of reconciliation. Circumstances have been too strong for Herr Stresemann and he will shortly be compelled, by public opinion, to demand the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland. After bitter Press polemics France may agree to reduce the number of troops in the occupied areas, but, as long as Poland's western frontier is not guaranteed, she certainly will not agree to the evacuation of German territory, however reasonable the legal arguments for evacuation may be. In short, we are now approaching that Franco-German crisis which the entry of Germany into the League of Nations and her consequent demand to be treated on a basis of equality rendered inevitable. If M. Briand had more friends among his colleagues of the French Cabinet we should feel more confident that the crisis will be speedily solved.

M. Poincaré has never pretended to be a financial expert and one must admit that his ignorance has served him well. Had he set about the immediate stabilization of the franc, as all the experts urged him to do, French industry might be in a happier plight, but every ambitious politician would be struggling for the Premiership. By refusing to attempt stabilization he has disarmed all his opponents, since none of them dares to attempt the overthrow of the one man who is still looked upon as the saviour of France. On Monday last at Bar-le-Duc, where he has uttered so many of his tirades against Germany, M. Poincaré foreshadowed the revival of what amounts to the old *Bloc National*, and there is hardly a paper, and still less a politician, which now ventures to dispute his dictatorship. The franc remains steady, although unstabilized, and the French prove themselves to be one of the most triumphantly illogical peoples on earth.

Cheaper taxi fares are at last a reality, but the wrangling is not yet over. Owners and drivers complain that the Home Secretary has betrayed them, having, they allege, promised in return for lower fares to ban the arrival of two-seater cabs and now breaking his word. The Home Secretary says he did nothing of the kind; and we see no reason why he should have done. Meanwhile the usual prophecies are forthcoming of doom and disaster to the trade, which by now the public have learned not to take too seriously. The lower rates afford a genuine saving, which has been quickly reflected in brisker trade. Whatever the taxi-men may say, anyone who has used his eyes during the past few days will have satisfied himself that considerably more cabs are being hired now than before the fares came down. This is the logical result which everyone but the men themselves had foreseen.

The anniversary of the general strike—which certain Labour spokesmen in the House declare never took place—should not pass without vivid reminders to a public that has almost forgotten many of its discomforts. The daily papers which have reproduced the illustrations they published as soon as they were allowed to publish anything are to be commended for refreshing the memories of their readers at a time when it is being pretended that the extremists of Labour dealt gently with the community. We cannot emulate our daily contemporaries, but we may recall that we were obliged to produce one issue on a multi-graph, with the machinery of distribution almost wholly out of work, and that the next was printed only by extraordinary efforts. During the strike, with the right of expressing opinion challenged, we used the language of moderation, and we would not write vindictively now, but the public should remember what danger it had then to face. It will be time to forget when any repetition of the events of May, 1926, has been made impossible by legislation.

The opening of the new Commonwealth Parliament House at Canberra, by the Duke of York, on Monday next will be the culminating point of a tour which will greatly have strengthened the ties between this country and Australia. On another page will be found an article giving the history of how the site for the new Capital of the Commonwealth came to be chosen. The people who are likely to feel least enthusiastic of all are those officials who will have to live in the new city, which will have none of the easy-going amenities of Sydney or Melbourne. They will be so held in by regulations designed to make the Federal capital worthy of its position that, unless our Australian informants exaggerate, housewives will be compelled to hide their washing for fear of offending pompous politicians, and everyone will suffer from scurvy, since Chinamen are barred from residence in this sacred city and all the market gardening in Australia is done by the Chinese. If this is true it will require something more than magnificent parliament buildings to make Canberra the capital in fact as well as in name.

How much advertisement can be had for £300? Not much if the advertiser buys space in a popular newspaper. But should a newspaper buy "the picture of the year" and "stunt" it by methods hitherto applied to standard bread, sweet-peas, community singing and other things nearer to the hearts of the people than painting, the result and publicity may be such as not £10,000 could purchase in the ordinary course. How art is served by these shrewd tactics is not clear to us. The picture over which a newspaper has just scored seems likely to be almost lost to view while the public is being persuaded that, but for the newspaper, Mrs. Procter, whose talents had already been recognized by every competent critic, would have missed attention. Art as a means of increasing circulation leaves us cold. Mrs. Procter has not deserved the indignity of being turned into an advertisement.



## SO THIS IS ENGLAND

IT is interesting and significant to observe the anxiety with which town dwellers are beginning to regard the spoliation of the countryside. It would be strange if a community which had supported itself on the soil for centuries were to take to industrialism and keep to it without any qualms and regrets, but unfortunately the cry of "Back to the Land" has been answered in a paradoxical manner. Coal took the right people away from the land, and petrol is bringing the wrong people back to it: the tillers of the soil deserted the country for the towns, and those who now flock back to the country do so to enjoy, but not to use it. The country is therefore in a more hopeless condition than before. It has a constantly diminishing acreage under cultivation, and a constantly increasing population which must be regarded as alien—season ticket holders and "week-enders," people who are in the country but not of it.

It is, of course, an excellent, and indeed an inevitable, development that the town dweller should seek rural rest and recreation. Unfortunately the more the movement grows the more it tends to defeat its own ends. The invention of the petrol engine has probably done more than anything else to free industrialized democracy from the shackles of monotony and smoke, but the rapid expansion of motoring through the mass production of cheap cars has resulted in the countryside being overrun to an extent that threatens its very existence. The main roads within a hundred miles of any of our great cities (and that means almost all the main roads of England) are on Saturdays and Sundays for at least seven months in the year little else than a racing track for motorists, whereon a ceaseless procession of vehicles passes to and from "the country." The air is filled with the fumes of petrol and the fret of wheels. Motor-cars are to be found in quantities in secluded places; not even the tops of hills, up which there are no roads but only primitive tracks, are immune from their visitations. Newlands Corner, Leith Hill, Box Hill, in Surrey; Bury Hill, Chanctonbury Ring, even remote Coldharbour, in Sussex; on all of these, and on many others at week-ends in summer the motorist pays conscious or unconscious tribute to the climbing powers of the British internal combustion engine.

Frequently young gentlemen with a variety of multi-coloured and betassled caps on their heads, but nothing very much within them, scorning the roads that have been made for their kind, may be seen setting their motor-cycle steeds at inclines which the pedestrian himself is hard put to it to master. The invasion of the petrol engine is complete. With it has come that abomination the rubberoid bungalow, which is springing up without plan all over the countryside, and has already ruined many a landscape. With it, too, has come the "filling station," to shock the mellowed harmony of village and roadside with blaring reds and yellows. Also the advertisement hoarding, which has destroyed the beauty of ten thousand rural vistas.

If this tendency were to proceed unimpeded at its present speed and proportions nothing could save

the English countryside as we know it from complete destruction. Fortunately, as we began by saying, signs are not lacking that the public have grown alarmed at the havoc they are working; they see that their newly-discovered rural enthusiasm must be quickly disciplined or it will leave them with nothing over which to enthuse. Within recent years a number of societies, private and public, have come into existence and are doing excellent work in preserving the countryside and educating the people in the proper use of it. When an appeal is issued on behalf of this or that beauty spot it seldom falls upon deaf ears. Local and County authorities, too, are moving in the right direction. Several county councils have recently passed bye-laws making it an offence to uproot wild plants or to erect hoardings which interfere with the landscape; the West Sussex County Council (and perhaps others) some time ago initiated a system of road categories, whereby charrs-à-bancs, motor-buses and the like are prohibited from using small rural roads and confined to the main arteries; other councils have taken steps to prevent speculative building in picturesque localities, and have on occasion actually bought up beauty spots to preserve them. A sense of the importance of preservation is certainly everywhere on the increase.

The difficulty is that organizations like the National Trust, the Society for the Preservation of Rural England, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and the newly-formed Cottage Fund (which we commend very heartily to the generosity of all who care for the countryside) can only act in comparatively isolated instances. There is no centralized control. What is needed if the country is to be saved before irreparable damage has been done to it (already harm beyond remedy has been done in many districts) is a nation-wide campaign to educate the public. Propaganda can do even more than the purchase of particular beauty spots. The public must be shown the significance of the countryside to them, its historical and traditional as well as its recreational values; they must learn the importance of such things as the ordered planning of new suburbs and villages, the employment of building material quarried locally, to harmonize with local features.

Development is inevitable, and provided it is properly organized and disciplined it need do no serious harm. The fact that present-day architecture is not particularly beautiful cannot be helped: it is improving. There is not sufficient recognition of the part chance has played in moulding the beauties of the English countryside: only the fact that the rural population decreased during the Victorian migration to the towns saved it from disfigurement by cottages built in the worst-styled period of English architecture; only the enormity of the Enclosures Act gave it that peculiar characteristic, the hedge-row, which adds so greatly to its charm. Even the new roads, when they have mellowed, need not necessarily prove harmful; more than one landscape has been improved by the incursion of the railway. The English countryside is bound to be altered, but it need not be ruined provided the situation is quickly taken in hand. With development proceeding at the present rate a delay of only a few years may prove fatal.



## AFTER THE SECOND READING

NOW that the second reading of the Trade Disputes Bill is over, there is time to prepare for the next and more important Committee stage. The debate this week has taught us much. Not a single argument has been adduced against the principles of the Bill which are the proper subject of debate on a second reading, and there are now only two directions in which there is room for doubt and need for further inquiry. Accepting the four principles of the Bill as laid down by Sir Douglas Hogg in his opening speech, we may still inquire whether it is wise to include them all in one Bill, or whether on tactical grounds and in order to lay prejudice it might not be wise to concentrate our energy on those which matter most, and leave over those which matter less. Secondly, we may inquire whether the words in the Act are the wisest, clearest and best translation of its ideas.

Now on this second branch of our inquiry the Government have treated the House of Commons very handsomely indeed. They pretend to no verbal inspiration; they have done their best in drafting the Bill; but they freely admit that they may have overlooked pitfalls, that more clarity may be desirable at some points, and more definiteness substituted for vagueness at others. They invite suggestions and will receive them with an open mind, provided that they are loyal to the principles of the Bill, and they will accept those which are an improvement in expression. The best safeguard against the prejudice that it is sought to raise against the Bill is to accept this invitation in the same frank spirit in which it is made. There is no real evidence that the Bill is unpopular; the extreme rowdiness of the Labour benches is presumptive evidence that they know their case to be weak; and if Conservatives are frank and sincere in their desire to improve the Bill, it is conceivable that opposition may become so abashed as to fade away. That would be an appropriate retribution of perhaps the two greatest offences against the spirit of Parliament of which any party could be guilty, namely, the threat of line by line opposition to a Bill before its terms have even been drafted and the threat of repeal before its final statutory form has been settled.

There is a very definite opinion among many friends of the Government and of this Bill that it attempts too much and that some of its provisions will make too little practical difference to compensate for the trouble that they will give or the prejudice that they will arouse. The picketing clause is an example. In so far as it is declaratory of existing law and clears away very general misunderstanding (as the proceedings under the recent Emergency Regulations showed) about what the law really is, it is useful. But in so far as it seeks to create a new legal offence of moral intimidation, it is attempting the impossible, and will merely provide occasion for prejudice and for misuse by petty authorities. The real abuses of picketing arise in other ways than those to which the provisions of the Bill will have access. The actual pickets do not as a rule overstep the legal limits of peaceful persuasion, and the intimidation is the work, not of the pickets, but of the crowd that gathers to watch. The only way in which this kind of intimidation could be prevented would be

to give the police powers to prevent any crowd at all from gathering in the neighbourhood of a strike, which might make more disorder than it prevented, and might also mean the suppression of all open-air meetings.

Another example is the political levy clause, which enacts that unionists who now are required to contract out of liability for a political levy of which they disapprove will in future have to contract in before they incur any liability. On this clause a dilemma is propounded to the unionists. If (it is said) there is no compulsion now, then obviously this clause will make no difference; but if as a result of the clause there is a great falling off in subscriptions, is not that an admission that there must be compulsion now and the justification of this clause? But the dilemma ignores the *vis inertiae* of the mass of men which it is the legitimate object of all organization to overcome. If every voter had to take the trouble to get his name put on the register, how few of us would ever have a vote at all! A more serious objection is that, however just the principle of the clause may be, it looks as though it were an attempt by one political party to score an electoral advantage at the expense of a rival. The levy has enabled the Socialists to score at the expense of the two older parties, but two wrongs do not make one right, nor two seeming wrongs an atmosphere that is free of prejudice. It is worth considering whether the principle of the clause is worth the prejudice.

There remains the great problem of simplifying and improving the phrasing of the Bill. To the omission of any reference to employers' combinations in the first operative clause of the Bill we drew attention a month ago when the Bill was first printed, and this blemish is to be removed. Our view turns out to be right that the Bill does not prohibit a sympathetic strike as such, and that not one but two conditions must be satisfied to make a strike illegal, that is to say, its objects must not be purely industrial, and in addition it must be an attempt to coerce the Government or the community. And yet the main clause of the Bill as drafted remains exceedingly obscure. There is something in the jargon of Acts of Parliament which repels the plain man and makes him suspicious that he is somehow being "got at" in the interests of the lawyers. The grudge is as old as Cicero, who in his defence of Murena makes a jest of the jargon of legislation, and though there is no evidence that the Labour members are anxious to get to very close quarters with the actual provisions of the Bill, much of their prejudice is due to quite genuine bewilderment at the phrasing. If the Bill were merely a declaration that a general strike was illegal, and merely declared the existing law in its other provisions, even the bitterest prejudice could hardly find material for opposition. But when Labour is told that the main clause of the Bill is really only declaratory, it exclaims: How can Clause One be no more than a declaration that the general strike is illegal when the general strike is not even mentioned?

Even Sir John Simon, whose speeches last year during the general strike (as Sir Robert Horne has pointed out) are really the material out of which the operative clause of the Bill has been made, is puzzled by the ambiguity and vagueness of the phrasing. "All the Bill that I as a layman wanted," said Mr. Baldwin this week, "is

Clause 1, a general strike shall be illegal; Clause 2, intimidation shall be illegal," and so on. It is impossible of course to legislate in terms so simple as that, but between such naiveté and the complications of this Bill there is surely a mean which, if it could only be hit, would completely rout the opposition, which, as this week has shown, relies mainly on the chance of promoting misunderstanding and prejudice.

This is not the place to attempt the redrafting of the Bill, which Mr. Baldwin almost in so many words invited, but we are satisfied that it can be done more simply and more effectively. Clearly some phrases must be lanced like tumours. For example, "substantial portion of the community" might mean a single fat man, and the right test of the idea that it is sought to express is that the menace to the community should be of such a character as to make it desirable for the King to proclaim a state of emergency. We must, again, if we persist in extending the definition of intimidation so as to include moral intimidation, at any rate avoid the absurdity of trying to make it cover all conduct that if expressed in writing would be a ground for an action of libel. We are further very doubtful whether the interpretation of Clause 1 should be entrusted to a court of summary jurisdiction. The small offenders can fairly be left to be dealt with under the existing law; the great offenders justify an indictment before a High Court, with the assistance of a jury, and it would surely be a simple matter at whatever time of the year a dangerous dispute was in progress to arrange for a High Court judge to be free to deal promptly with strike cases.

Sir John Simon is right. The value of this Bill will depend mainly on the honesty and efficiency with which we do the Committee work on this Bill. With a free hand Parliament might make a Bill that was not only necessary, useful and just, but one before which prejudice and misrepresentation would shrivel up completely.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

ON Monday afternoon the curtain went up for the first time on the much-advertised Trade Disputes Bill. The principal part at this performance had been assigned to the Attorney-General, who, if he failed to come up to the expectations of his friends, succeeded in defeating the methods of his enemies. It would perhaps be a misuse of language to describe as methodical the behaviour adopted by the Labour Party during these days of preliminary discussion. A class of ill-mannered and ill-conditioned children over whom the schoolmaster had lost control might provide a parallel. The jokes that they make are never funny, the questions that they ask never deserve an answer, their interruptions are always insolent and their contributions to debate have hitherto been worthless.

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It is unfortunate that the ordinary Press reports of parliamentary proceedings fail to give an accurate picture of what actually occurs. The more popular daily papers report parliamentary debates only when an unusual or dramatic incident occurs, and on these

occasions the incident so reported is probably exaggerated in order to increase its news value. So a deluded public are led to believe that individuals of the type of Mr. Jones or Mr. Beckett, after having long suppressed their indignation, are at last goaded by some stinging phrase of a Ministerialist to hurl across the House an unparliamentary expression which immediately brings down upon them the chastisement of the Speaker. What really happens is different. On Monday, from the moment when the Attorney-General began his speech until he ended it two hours later, the Labour Party kept up a continual fire of interjections, questions, murmurs and other noises, which rendered his task of exposition almost impossible. One after another they received the Speaker's warning, and the member so warned immediately slunk into silence and was careful not to repeat the offence. There was no strong feeling, no righteous indignation, no uncontrollable passion: it was an exhibition of ill-nature and ill-breeding.

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In these trying circumstances the imperturbable placidity of Sir Douglas Hogg was beyond praise, for not only did he never lose his temper but he never lost his smile. His definition of the main objects of the Bill was the strongest part of his speech, his elucidation of the separate clauses was the weakest. It is to be hoped that when the Committee stage is reached he will either be able to present a better case for the actual wording of much of the Bill or that he will be willing to accept substantial amendments.

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Mr. Clynes, to whom it fell to lead the Opposition, and who was heard in perfect silence, found himself faced as usual with a task beyond his powers. He has grown so accustomed to his own inadequacy that it no longer embarrasses him. Mr. Harney, a lawyer who comes from Ireland by way of Australia, was the first to speak from the Liberal benches and to give one of the many views that there prevail. It is apparent that from a lawyer's point of view there is much to criticize in the Bill, which seems unlikely to increase Sir Douglas Hogg's reputation as a draftsman. Hardly a lawyer has been found to give it an unmixed blessing—except Sir W. Greaves Lord, whose apparently harmless remark that the Conservative Party had done much to help Trade Unions in the past had such a mysterious effect upon Mr. Tom Griffiths that he dashed out of the House roaring insults at the Tories whom he accused of having sent his father to prison.

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The legal obscurities and possible injustices of the Bill were further urged by Sir Henry Slessor, who contributed the only speech from the Labour benches that contained an argument; and on Wednesday Sir John Simon for the Liberals and Captain O'Connor for the Conservatives expressed equally strongly their misgivings. While supporting wholeheartedly the objects of the Bill as defined by the Attorney-General, they are extremely doubtful whether those objects, and those alone, will be attained unless the wording of the principal clauses, especially of Clause I, is radically amended.

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Captain Macmillan, in a short and pleasant speech, held the view that if the Government wished to convince the country of their sincerity in declaring that this Bill is brought forward in no spirit of hostility

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7 May 1927

to the working classes they must not be slow to follow it up with those measures of social reform, such as the Factory Bill and the ratification of the Washington Hours Convention, which have been too long delayed. Captain Macmillan voices the opinion of many of the younger and more progressive spirits in the Party, as he seems to be aware, for he adopts in speaking the first person plural.

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The most dramatic contribution to the discussion was the speech which Mr. Spencer began on Monday night and concluded on the following afternoon. Mr. Spencer has been hounded out of his Trade Union and out of the Labour Party for daring to oppose the will of Mr. Cook at a time when the leaders of the party were still his submissive agents. Long before Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, or even Mr. Thomas, had summoned the courage to tell the world what they thought of Mr. Cook, this intrepid step had been taken by Mr. Spencer. He has paid dearly for his temerity, but the opportunity has at last arrived for him to state his grievances and get even with his oppressors. His indictment is a severe one. He knows the Trade Unions from the inside, and has a tale to tell of neglect of the interest of the Trade Unionists in favour of those of the politicians, of misapplication of funds, of intimidation of members which reveals a state of affairs far worse than most people expected. Some of the opposition listened to this denunciation in shame-faced silence, others attempted to assume the cynical smile of superiority which dwindled into the nervous giggle of convicted guilt. One shouted "traitor" which another improved into "Iscaiot," but neither from the back benches nor from the front has the slightest effort been made, up to the present, to offer any answer to the damning charges.

FIRST CITIZEN

## CANBERRA

BY FRANK FOX

THE word Canberra is said to be aboriginal Australian for "nursing mother." Perhaps this is true, though very many supposedly Australian aboriginal words represent merely the effort of the natives to pronounce English phrases. The language was very primitive, and had but few words, covering only the simple facts of Nature. At all events, "Nursing mother" is a good title for the political capital of a nation which represents the young spirits of the British race. May it be of good omen for the capital which the Duke of York is to inaugurate on Monday in the name of the King.

The original Australian Federal scheme provided for a Federal capital on Federal territory, and left the choice of it to the future Australian Parliament. The Government of New South Wales (which was the stronghold of an anti-Federation party) insisted, as part of the price of its assent to union, that the capital should be in that State. Victoria insisted on the proviso that, if so, it must be at least 100 miles from Sydney. This huckstering bargain ruled out many possible sites, which had claims of convenience and of historic interest, such as Windsor, one of the earliest settlements in the rich Hawkesbury district; or a city on the shores of that magnificent inlet, Broken Bay; or Bathurst, the centre of the first gold rushes; or Moss Vale, an attractive mountain township on the main railway line between Sydney and Melbourne. Yet, even with 100 miles around Sydney barred, there were some magnificent possibilities. For a time it seemed that the politicians would allow one of these

to be developed, and would, as the site of the Federal capital, choose Dalgety on the Monaro Tableland by the banks of the Snowy River, which comes down singing and vigorous from the snowfields of Mount Kosciusko. The Snowy is Australia's most attractive river; the Monaro Tableland its most delightful and exhilarating province. A short railway could have connected Dalgety with Eden on the fine harbour of Twofold Bay. Eden, quite aptly named, has association with the early history of the continent. It is built near the ruins—imagine ruins in Australia!—of Boydtown, where that adventurous Scot, Ben Boyd, planned a city which was to depend in the first instance on the whaling industry. Just outside Twofold Bay a great smooth plateau of rock stretches out into the Pacific Ocean, and this is favoured by whales, passing to the north for calving and coming south again with their young, as a handy place on which to scrape from their sides barnacles and seaweed. By Behemoth's scratching post, Boyd set up his whaling station, and contemplated great pastoral settlements on the tableland behind the town. But the Scottish bank financing him lost confidence. Boyd was killed in the South Seas seeking to retrieve his fortunes, and Boydtown failed to challenge Sydney and Melbourne in its growth. The Federal authority had here a clear opportunity to make an old and sound vision come true. It seemed at one time to be willing to grasp the opportunity, but faltered. Perhaps Sydney and Melbourne, which between them held two millions of Australia's total population of six millions, were nervous of a possible rival, of a Federal Territory on the tableland behind Twofold Bay, sheltering in time a really great city.

Canberra will never be assisted by natural position nor resources to become a great city, though the Federal authority can give it some population by centralizing there as much as possible of the administrative work of the Commonwealth. It is off the main railway route; a branch line, specially constructed, connects it with Queanbeyan, and from Queanbeyan a branch line joins the main route at Goulburn. It is off the coast, though later it will be connected with Jervis Bay by railway. Its river, the Molonglo, is small and unattractive, though later it will be developed into a chain of artificial lakes. In short, Canberra will owe everything to man. Certainly, in so far as careful planning can help, Canberra will have every chance. The best architectural and engineering skill of the world has been drawn upon. (That famous Finnish architect, Saarinen, whom America now has acquired, was one of the competitors for its planning). It will be a city of harmonious buildings, of generous gardens and parks. No area in it, nor in the Federal territory surrounding it, will be alienated, and the growth of land values should endow it in time with considerable revenues for further development.

Perhaps in this aspect—of the effort of reserving for the use of the community all the unearned increment of land values—Canberra will be most interesting to the world at large in the future. Usually cities have grown up because of the enterprise of private adventurers who have calculated (or blundered into the conclusion) that here was a future trading or manufacturing centre. The political world in almost every land resounds with the denunciations of these "pirates of unearned increment," and is silent about the woes of those who calculated (or guessed) wrongly, and lost fortunes in land speculations. Canberra will be free from fortunate and unfortunate dealers in land. The State will be sole ground landlord. Will that hinder development—apart from the routine development due to the compulsory residence of government officials? Time will show. But whether big city or small town, Canberra will always have its importance as the capital of the Australian people.



## THE GLOOM OF GAMES

BY IVOR BROWN

THE time of summer spectacle has come again. The captains and the kings of sport arrive; the tumult and the shouting rise; the far-flung reporters, who last year were hurled into the Near East in order to be the first with the news about Mr. Collins's taste in breakfasts, have been posted to Plymouth that we should lack no jot of information about Mr. Tilden's dressing-gown. Mr. Cochran may not have a rodeo in his pocket, but he has a contract with that Suzanne who appears to have replaced Sarah as the first and most fiery particle of French brilliance and the travelling representative of civilized Gaul. The American golfers will soon be painting English greens with their demonstrative haberdashery while they turn our "five" holes into "threes," thus combining the aspect of the peacock with the way of an eagle. Meanwhile the popular Press, with its daring intellectual drive and relentless passion for novelty, will be asking "Is England Done?"

It is a common criticism of popular journalism that it is flippant: my own complaint is that it is so stupendously solemn. One peculiar feature of the newspaper is its curiosity. It cannot record the simplest event without being shaken by portentous doubts. Its news-columns are a series of notes and queries. And such queries! They are rooted in morality and flower in philosophy. Questions of national importance burst upward from a golfer's divot. It may be worth while to record the fact that, on entering the High Fliers' Club last night, the popular Snort girls threw a brace of grape-fruit at Toni, the esteemed master of cuisine and ceremonies. But what journal of scope and spirit would rest content with such a meagre chronicle? A grave moral issue would immediately be raised and arch-bishops would opine that tossing the grape-fruit is (or is not) a symptom of international decadence. Proconsuls would retort that grape-fruit contains the seeds of Imperial Unity and that to treat them with a lavishness more proper to confetti is to strengthen the bonds of Empire and to drive home the vital point that trade follows the flapper. It is not the silliness of such journalism but the seriousness which appals. It is never content to raise a laugh without raising an ethical conundrum, and it only goes to a night-club with one eye on the popular Snort girls and the other on heaven itself. The result is a staggering compost with the proprietor's loyalties equally divided between gossip and Galilee. The Fleet Street of to-day hardly knows whether it leads to the Old Bailey or the New Testament, and its wretched labourers are hustled from the nice gustation of a crime to the duties of a cure of souls.

The horrid passion for being portentous has passed from night-clubs and criminal trials to the fresh air and the play-ground. The dreary Test Matches of last year became a test of everyone's endurance. They hung over England as the menace of an exam. hangs over unhappy youth. Long before the Australians had played their first match we were tired of reading about them. Every ball and stroke had to be as momentous as a world-war or a bishop taken in adultery. The "ashes" blinded our eyes, choked our throats, and stained the green fields with the ethics of their dust. There were moments when one felt that national sanity could only be restored by choosing Harry Tate (instead of Maurice) to bowl for England. There is a better hope for the season which is opening. The young New Zealanders arrive as players and not as problems and portents. They will not bat with the world listening-in to the

click of the wood nor will their every ball deliver a fresh cablegram to a frenzied homeland. One can only hope that when the giants of golf and lawn-tennis unpack their baggage they will not have to unpack their hearts to the public and become the origins of those grave issues for which the Press is hungrily waiting. The infantile fuss about decadent Oxford is a hint of what we may be in for if an English golfer should miss a short putt at a critical moment. Must our shows be as solemn as all that?

There is a distinction—so wide that it is often unseen—between playing games with a decent seriousness and playing them with an indecent solemnity. There is no more tiresome buffoon than the man who chatters through a rubber of bridge and takes cap and bells into a game of cricket or of golf. Nobody suggests that English batsmanship should model itself entirely on the jolly bravado of Mr. G. F. Earle. But there is a territory between grimness and gasconading which might fruitfully be rediscovered.

This matter of judicious levity has nothing to do with professional status. The idea that it ill becomes a man to take money for playing a game is the kind of romanticism which is better spelt as rubbish. If a man can so disport himself and play a game with such pretty efficiency that his fellows will pay for the pleasure of watching him he is as good a citizen as many another. At least he must please to live, yet there is a kind which can only live by plaguing, such as market-riggers, monopolists, and the corner-boys of industry. That these should mock an expensive centre-forward as no gentleman is masterly impudence. In cricket there are quick-silver professionals and amateurs of lead, and the only game which professionalism can simultaneously adorn and ruin is billiards. When the man with a cue has turned the marker into a lightning calculator, his opponent into a sleeping partner, and a corner-pocket into an academy for the exact sciences, we may accuse the show of a distressing gravity. Yet, since the pendulum will cease to swing as soon as the public ceases to pay, nobody has any reason for complaint.

But sport, which thrives on zeal, wilts under translation. The modern tendency, at least under dictation of the modern Press, is to have no boundaries. Nobody can play in his own corner; everything must be dragged out as matter for generalizations, inquiries, and debates. There must be eternal comparisons between old and new, scoldings and railings and lamentations. If an Oxford man is slower than a Cambridge man by a fifth of a second over a hundred yards, then a thousand thousand Englishmen must know the reason why. The newspapers' readers are insured against death and the victims are insured against tranquillity. Every sporting defeat must have its inquest, and crowner's law in this case insists that the best qualification for a witness is that he should know nothing of the case.

If our men fail at the net before the thunderbolts of American lawn-tennis, dean and dancer will be called upon for counsel and the honour of the nation will be volleyed backward and forward between an optimist of the stage and a pessimist of the pulpit. The English theatre has a supply of constant hot water all the year round, but in the summer-time it acquires some fellowship in tribulation. For now every sport is raised to the level of state-craft and a fozzled drive may be a matter for a Royal Commission. The industrious moralists will plough our green fields and sow a crop of gigantic national problems. Or are we going to absent us from solemnity awhile, abjure the midsummer madness of high debate, and celebrate the season by becoming just a trifle sane?

## BULLS AND LEMONADE

BY ROSEMARY BLACKADDER

THE Spaniard, the true aficionado, will tell you that it comes from Heaven, this art of the bulls. "El arte de los toros bajó del cielo . . ." says an old proverb, and really we have no ground to contradict it. Stranger things have showered down from the same source, shining manna and scourging locusts, ravens and swans and storks, blessings and plagues and pestilences alike upon the just and the unjust.

But was it only the rules of the game that were given out on a sort of Spanish Mount Sinai? I like to think rather of a complete outfit, new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill, some peak perhaps of the Sierra Nevada; horses winged like Pegasus, bulls of the race of Apis, snow white, fierce eyed; peones, picadores—all the toreros clothed in gold and scarlet, shining haloes on their heads instead of bald flat hats. And then how the grateful crowd would rush up to look, to seize on this new toy, to play with it and make it their own. Excitedly and exultantly, just as they do now. The Romans and the Greeks, people who daily walked with gods and were familiar with things celestial, made a great deal out of bull-fighting, but I think they could never have had the fine ardour that the Spaniards bring to the business. Certainly the corrida of to-day still trails some cloud of glory from its heavenly source, tarnished, I dare say, and mussed up a little by the earthly years, but nevertheless stirring and beautiful in its way. And the divine enthusiasm that surrounds it is always new and fresh.

To begin with it is nearly always a Sunday or a Saint's day that is celebrated by this kind of sacrifice. All day there is a sort of pagan excitement, a nervous joy and movement among the crowds. Long before the show begins all the world, it seems, throngs about the "plaza," smelling the sawdust (most thrilling of scents), telling each other exactly who is going to do what and who has done it before. Street boys, beautiful as the day and dirty as anything one can think of, jostle one another to squint through a hole in the wall of the apartado to see the victim bulls and hear the neighing of the horses and shouts of the men. They too will be toreros when they are older, will brandish splendid weapons and throw swaggering cloaks over their shoulders. Beggars lie in wait for the tourists and rich people. Tourists and rich people roll up in elegant cars and carriages and throw them coins. Everyone has the air of thinking "Now this is what I call being alive." And they are alive. There is an alegría, a lavishness of colour and spirit and gesture, strong features, strong light and shade. A huge half of the crowd is kept busy selling things to the other half, oranges, water, cushions, sticky confections, programmes, brochures about famous bull-fighters, and second-hand tickets. They do this with a zeal and intensity that deserve a splendid profit.

And everywhere you hear the cry, "Gaseosa! Gaseosa muy fresca!" Gaseosa is violent colour mixed with gas and water. It is dispensed by men who are surely princes or pirates in private life, so gallant is their bearing, so dashing their war-cry, "Hay! Gaseosa!" Everyone crowds to swallow as many bottles as they can of this villainous drink, especially the "populace" who are going to sit on the cheaper side of the arena in the scorching sun. It is very typical, this thirst for gore and for innocent, fizzy lemonade, part of the small-boyism that is their most charming characteristic.

Meanwhile inside the arena blood is already flowing. More violent colour, more fizz, all the mock-heroic of the corrida. The arches of the corridors are white and the sky deep blue. The people shout in the black shadow and in the sun. Brilliant shawls hang out from the boxes. With a flourish of trumpets the

bull rushes out. The peones begin to work it. They make exquisite passes and movements with their flaring capes. Do not look at the picadores, keep your eyes on the man poised ready to plant the banderillas. He is dressed in scarlet and gold and blue. He walks like Nijinsky, lightly, with much bravado, much lovely flourish of the hands. "Ha! Toro!" he says to the bull, and talks to it in the way that one says dilly-dilly to a duck, hey dilly dilly come and be killed. Scrooch! They are in. He leaps back most beautifully and everyone waves his hat and cries out.

When the bull resembles a pincushion of the church-bazaar breed, stuck full of gaily coloured banderillas, it has still to deal with the Espada. He really is a very fine personage indeed, and makes a stately advance, valiant and eager, with his sword hidden in a vivid bit of silk. What could be more poetic than this bright death hidden in a scarlet cloth? He waves the muleta: on comes the bull. A thrust. "Attaboy!" yell the crowd in Spanish and wave their hats. Not a bit of it. The sword is not in at exactly the right spot between the spine and the shoulder-blade. For a moment he is tangled up among the horns. Then he jumps aside and does a lot of dodging here and there without losing his muleta or his dignity. He takes another sword from somebody, spits on his hand, rubs the point and gets it in fair and square. The bull drops dead at his feet. "Boy, you've done it!" shout the crowd (still in Spanish) and our hero walks round the ring with a "well I should say I have" expression on his face and they all throw their hats at him. (I have it on good authority that they get them back again, so it is not so lavish as it sounds.) The band strikes up, and in dashes a team of mules, all done up with red harness and bells, to drag the corpses off-stage.

Now in all this the picador alone is unworthy of his heavenly origin. Long ago, they say, he was one of the chief pieces in the game. Like the chess-board knight, he was allowed to move here, there and everywhere and take a very active part, in the style of St. George and the Dragon. Goya has even made a sketch of a man mounted on a bull fighting a bull; even to-day they are usually admirable horsemen, only they have nothing to ride. The horses provided for them are of the oldest and cheapest and can hardly stand up. Naturally the picador can do very little. He sits anxiously waiting, it seems, for the moment when he can most safely strike with his lance and then shin over the barricade as quickly as possible. The safest moment to strike is when the bull has got its horns entangled inside the horse. If the man does not get clear it is the peones' job to divert the attention of the bull, but no one thinks of diverting it from the horse. Vaya con Dios, Roxanne, your master is well away.

At the opening of this season there has been much discussion about protecting the horse (the same elderly half-dead mare) with a sort of cricket-pad coat. The authorities are very half-hearted about it because they know that their public will find it dull. These good citizens are not out to hunt anything gently with thimbles and soap, and may spend their money on going to see the more exciting carnage of "futbol." And really it is not a very ingenuous idea. I should go a step further and have the padding without the horse—a dummy horse, a robot, rocking or clothes horse, any sort of horse provided that it be not a real one. The originals are very inanimate objects at best and any dummy would suit the purpose. After all, the main object of a corrida seems to be to make the bull feel just as nervous and uncomfortable as possible before it dies, and my mechanical horse would have astonishing virtues in that line. It could leap sideways and kick and lie down unexpectedly and dodge and turn and jump clean over the bull (as some toreros are alleged to do) and bray into its ear. Fireworks should flash from its eyes, gaseosa fizz



forth from its mouth. Finally, it might buck skywards and soar over the arena (don't you remember the Indian's mechanical steed in the 'Arabian Nights'?) dropping darts and molten lead and whatnot from above. There are infinite possibilities.

And the bull itself. Would the whole game not be much more modern, more exciting if that were a robot too? This is the age of mechanical contrivance. Have we not clay pigeons, electric hares, electric seals and the rest? Why not clockwork bulls?

After all, the family Sitwell has long been trying to familiarize us with an idea so natural to our times:

The creaking dog-star  
Strays erratically  
Among the inevitable plush perambulators.

(I quote very much at random)

While the clock-work hippopotamus  
Spits at the  
Varnished moon,

gently indicating in that sort of way that it can be done. The Fratellini, too, have made a gallant attempt, and certainly prove that dummy bull-fights can enchant an audience even more effectively than the real thing. Why should not the two families be approached by the authorities for the inauguration of a Society for the Propagation of Clockwork Corridas? They might be supported by some of those companies who have made it their business to compress bulls in very small glass jars (a dozen or so in one jar), and who must surely be well on the road to discovery of some artifice in relation to beef. How well a scarlet magnolia would become Miss Sitwell's pale hair; can't you see her mantilla and her erratic shawl? Once the automatic arena was installed, she and her brothers could sit round and take notes:

The corrugated corrida . . .  
The strident sawdust . . .  
The incandescent matador  
With his dagger of lath.

(but you see it really would be). And then they would give it up because they would find they were writing (how insipid) about things as they really were and as other people saw them. So modern poetry might have to wend its way back to Rime and dowdy Reason. It is not worth it. Live, Horse. Live, Picador.

## FANFARE

BY GERALD GOULD

**A**RE you a member of the Vilma Banky Club? If—as seems so probable—you desire to become one, let me tell you that the secretary is apparently Donald Phillips, of 215 W. 23rd St., New York City. Contrariwise the secretary of the Richard Barthelmess Club appears to be Ralph Weddle, Box 9, Elfers, Fla. There is also, more explicitly, a Richard Barthelmess Fan Club (for it is with organizations of fans that we are dealing): secretary, Ethel Milner, 1303 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

You did not know such organizations existed? Do not blush for your ignorance! But for a happy accident, I should have remained as ignorant as you. Many people go through life usefully enough, without finding out about fan clubs. And even now that I know they exist, I am as far off as ever from being able to guess what function they exercise, what rites they perform, to what service they are dedicated, what hope or dream they follow. I could, of course, write to the Fan Correspondence Club—Reverend Frederick J. Compson, Sistersville, W. Va.; but I feel shy of intruding upon a stranger,

and a clergyman at that, with my artless questioning. I shall never know what fan clubs do: enough for me that they *are*.

I discovered it by buying a paper called 'Picture Play.' I discovered much besides. I learnt that for Elinor Fair there's only one movie star, and that's Bill Boyd. And Bill admits that his favourite leading lady is Elinor. I studied an article called "Is Mother a Pest?" and an article called "Are Men Necessary?" I learnt that no master has ever dwelt in the white colonial mansion of Pola Negri. I learnt that one star "who found marriage unsuccessful" built her present home with her own savings. Turn a few pages, and read that garden work is not a mere gesture with Mae Busch. She actually does get down and grub. Clara Bow won a beauty contest, yet it was her peppy personality that counted more. I could go on like this: perhaps, however, you would prefer to address your own inquiries to the gentleman (or lady) who runs the columns called "Information, Please." He tells you how many pounds Alice Terry weighs, and how many pounds Lilian Gish. But there is one person—only one, as far as I can make out—about whom he can tell you nothing. I transcribe the poignant paragraph entire, save that, for fear of hurting feelings, I omit the name:

I'm sorry, but X. Y. has never been sufficiently prominent on the screen for me to have a record of his films. You are the first person who has asked me about him. 'Picture Play,' as far as I know, has never published a story about him, nor a picture.

I ought perhaps to make it clear that I take no responsibility for the statements I admire. For all I know, a girl whose best fan is her mother may owe her success to herself. The star who found marriage unsuccessful may be lapped in the rectitude of domesticity. It is not the private life of the film actress that concerns me; it is the problem of why anybody should be concerned with the film actress's private life. I would not have you think of me as anti-fan; I, too, have lived in Arcadia, though I called it not Hollywood, but the Oval. How austere, passionate and peremptory was my fanhood, in the days when a bat was the willow and a ball the leather! There is nothing like willow, I still suppose; though in my declining years I have transferred my affection to lawn tennis, and study the court rather than the pitch. I am still in my poor way a fan. I would rather see some players than others. But that is because I detect in some a beauty of poise and rhythm that others lack. Tennis is a matter æsthetic as well as sporting; the set is not always to the swift, nor the match to the exquisite. But the point is that I am interested in the form, not the family, of the admired object. He or she is to me inseparable from a racquet, and passes out of existence into the pavilion; I care not one jot about his or her relations with his or her (I have had to speak about the English language before now!) mother. Nor whether he or she has or has not built a house with his or her savings, or does or does not get down and grub. The play's the thing, and all the men and women merely players. They have another aspect, of course, more important to the Recording Angel; but it does not escape my notice that I am not the Recording Angel, and I stick to the belief that



private life ought to be private. I would even—this perhaps is an idiosyncrasy—extend the fan-ban to politicians. I do not want to hear about Gladstone's collar or Mr. Baldwin's pipe, nor does Mr. Churchill's hat distract me at all from his Budget. As for the stage. . . . Well, once, and only once, and a very long time ago, I waited outside a stage-door to see an actress emerge. My intentions were honourable; I only wanted to see if she was as beautiful in real life as behind the footlights; and you will scarcely believe me, but she was. I never repeated the experiment, lest the first salvation from disillusionment should be marred. At that hour of waiting was I most a fan; but even then I did not care, nor pretend to myself that I cared, how many pounds my star weighed, nor whether she loved her presumable mother.

What is it, this desire of the fan for the star? The poet answers. It is, I take it, literally and exactly, the devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow. The fan thrills to feel that that lovely creature of the flicker has a mortal presence, and the great name a habitation. Because the stars share our earth, we seem by a heartening fallacy to share their heaven. We hitch them to our waggons, and bring the close-up close up. I say "we"; but really I fail in imagination. I cannot, I cannot, care.

And yet. . . . Stay a moment, and consider. There is a point at which my heart is touched. I simply hate to see adulation confined and restricted; I do not like to think of those left out. I am haunted by the shade (to me, *only* a shade, like all screen-actors; but doubtless as worthy as many of the famous) who has never had either a story or a picture in 'Picture Play.' Almost, to rectify the error, could I found an X. Y. Fan Club. But don't write to me if you want to join it.

## STAR SONG

THE star-enchanted  
Walks in the night  
In places near  
To the sky's light.

He walks on the hills  
And he is witness  
Of the dark's wisdom,  
Of the stars' sweetness.

He is never sorrowful,  
Never lonely;—  
There is no heart in him,  
But a star only.

## ONLY THIS COUNSEL

SAVE your wisdom, since your friend  
In love and hunger, thought and pain,  
Will too easily attain  
Wisdom himself, and at the end,  
When his heart and hands and eyes  
Are very tired, he will need  
A comrade who is wise indeed,  
To comfort him for being wise.

MARIE DE L. WELCH

## SEEING STRATFORD

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

"YOU must admit you haven't been there," they said. I told them I had been *through* the town more than once.

But that was nothing, they retorted, because I hadn't *seen* anything there, didn't know where Shakespeare was born or buried or where Anne Hathaway lived, had never sat on the edge of the second-best bed. I told them I didn't care. "We know you don't care for the sight-seeing part of it," they confessed, "but that won't last long. It's a delightful run, and look what a lovely morning it is." And it *was* a lovely morning; Spring in blue and gold; not the smallest pocket-hankerchief of cloud in the whole sky. Not only did I agree to visit Stratford-on-Avon but I also helped to take down the hood and the screens of the car, for apparently the moment had arrived for it to be converted into an open summery affair. The five of us packed ourselves in, together with a great deal more lunch than we should ever require. Is there anything more terrifying to a person with sense and sensibility than a day's pleasure, what some people call a "little jaunt"? The fuss and scurry and discomfort and egg sandwiches and dust and nipping winds—to be acquainted with these things is to prefer a day's work to a day's pleasure. Before we reached Stratford, the other two sitting at the back with me agreed that they never remembered a colder journey. It was very odd and very annoying. You appeared to be travelling through the very pomp of June itself; the sky was a midsummer blue; the roads shone in the bright sunshine; you passed old men sucking at their pipes, sitting on the grass and wearing no overcoats; and to the eye you seemed to be happily roasting in the golden oven of summer. But the cold was frightful. The wind, a dry North-Easter, cut across the whole way, numbing our cheeks and making our chins really ache with cold. Yet whenever our watering eyes allowed us to see anything, there was the lovely lazy day spread in front of us. It was just as if we were bewitched.

The real literary shrine is, of course, a library. For the rest you may at times come close to an author's spirit in various odd places and atmospheres, it may be in an autumn wood, on a bare moor, in a bar-parlour, within sight of a palm reef and a line of breakers. But the official literary business, with its documents of birth, marriage, and death, its museum and antique shop airs, its array of beds and pens and desks and chairs, its visitors' books and picture post-cards and glib custodians, is simply so much solemn nonsense. The persons who really enjoy this cultured and hushed-voice sight-seeing are never people who care very much about books and authors. Stratford is their Mecca. I hope Shakespeare himself knows all about it, that he is keeping an immortal eye on his birthplace. How he must enjoy the fun! I can hear him roaring with laughter. I can see him bringing other immortals (probably Cervantes among them, for if those two are not hand-in-glove,

then there is no friendship among the shades) to see the local branch of the Midland Bank, which tries to look Elizabethan and romantic and even has some scenes from the plays drearily depicted round its walls. He will show them how everything in the place is conscientiously thatched and beamed. He will watch us paying our shillings in this place and that to gape at an array of articles that have really nothing to do with him, rooms full of Garrick and Hathaway relics. His attitude towards all solemn and pompous official persons and bores was always touched with a light malice and his own irony, and he must delight in the fact that he contrived to leave behind him so few facts about his life and so few things to admire. He must enjoy watching his biographers compiling their works, when they know only too well—poor fellows—that all the facts could be set down on two or three sheets of notepaper and that they will have to write page after page beginning, "We can imagine the young Shakespeare" or "No doubt the poet at this time" or "Is it not likely that the dramatist," feverishly padding.

Having left little or nothing of his own behind him, he must take a malicious pleasure in the efforts of his townspeople to provide visitors with Shakespeare museums. I hope he watched them ransack every corner of the place and dubiously install documents relating to the wood of his mulberry tree and portraits of the mayor of 1826. And I am sure he delights in some of the custodians of these places. There is the good lady, and very helpful and courteous she is too, who repeats all the facts she knows in a most fascinating whispering sing-song and always ends every little speech with a comment in exactly the same tone: I know that I could have listened to her all day. Then there is the man who has a passion for saying "in the summer months," just as if the case were entirely altered in winter. "Here is a document that interests a lot of people in the summer months," he told us; and again: "That's the inspiration chair. In the summer months ladies like to try it."

We did not pay all the attention to him that he deserved because we were obliged to keep glancing out of the window. We were convinced that three men outside (and two of them were undoubtedly Bardolph and Nym) were wanting to steal our car. When we first drove up to the place, they had approached us with some trumpery excuse, had indeed talked about taking photographs. Now amateur photographers and Shakespeare pilgrims are an innocent race, and these three, Nym and Bardolph and another, were very seedy and shifty-eyed. We waited for a few minutes, during which time they hung about suspiciously, vainly trying to look as if they were about to take a photograph any moment, and then at last we locked the car (a poor protection, I am told, against thieves), went in, and asked one of the curators to keep an eye on it for us. Naturally, however, we also kept an eye on it ourselves.

But what, it may be asked, were Nym and Bardolph doing there? We soon found the answer, in a dense and dusty stream of cars and cycles and chars-à-bancs that passed us on the main road. The local races were on

that afternoon, and Birmingham had descended upon the town. Perhaps Shakespeare himself might have been found up there, mingling sedately yet humorously with the crowd. I certainly caught sight of Ancient Pistol (in a bowler) hanging over the side of a char-à-banc. He was probably going to meet Falstaff (now haunting the "silver ring"), who had no doubt suggested to friends Nym and Bardolph that a car might be "conveyed."

Yes, Shakespeare himself would laugh all night if he spent a day in his little town now. He would be amused at the solemn arts and crafts persons who have set up shop in the kindly shadow of his great fame; at the expensive hotels that try to delude Missouri and California into the belief that they are hostels lately removed from Eastcheap; at the Shakespeare this and the Hathaway that meeting the eye everywhere; at the transformation of his bustling little town into a shrine, where Justice Shallow guides the feet and eyes of Judge K. Shallow. He would laugh but he would understand too. He would turn wise yet wondering eyes upon the little yellow man from Cathay who was looking down upon that flat tombstone in the old parish church. He would understand the middle-aged American woman (she had that curious dried look that comes to some American women and suggests they have been specially prepared for export, like dried fruit), who walked up to the curator of Anne Hathaway's cottage and cried: "Well, I've had a lovely time in there and I wouldn't have missed a minute of it." He would understand this, although he himself probably did not have a lovely time in that cottage. He would laugh but he would go down at once to the precious human stuff that is lying underneath all these solemn antics and mummery.

And there was one moment, the other afternoon, when I did really feel I was treading upon his own ground. It was when we were in the gardens of New Place, very brave in the Spring sunlight. You could have played the outdoor scenes of 'Twelfth Night' in them without disturbing a leaf. There was the very sward for Viola and Sir Andrew. Down that paved path Olivia would come, like a great white peacock. Against that bank of flowers the figure of Maria would be seen, flitting like a starling. The little Knott Garden alone was worth the journey and nearer to Shakespeare than all the documents and chairs and monuments. It was a patterned blaze of tulips, the Elizabethan gentlefolk among flowers. The white ones, full open and very majestic, were the great ladies in their ruffs; and the multi-coloured ones, in all their bravery of crimson and yellow, were the gentlemen in doublet and striped hose. The little crazy-paved paths added a touch of pride and fantasy and cross-gartering, as if Malvolio had once passed that way. And then, to crown all, there were tiny rows of sweet-smelling English herbs, thyme and sage and marjoram, and misty odorous borders of lavender. I remember that when we left that garden to see the place where Shakespeare was buried, it didn't seem to matter much. Why should it when we had just seen the place where he was still alive?

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

<sup>1</sup> The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

<sup>2</sup> Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

## EXTENDING THE FRANCHISE

SIR,—In your notes of the week of April 16 dealing with the Government promise to reduce the minimum age for women voters to twenty-one, you make the effective statement that the "Government have done a wrong and unnecessary thing in order to avoid doing something that is both right and necessary." The recent contention of many sincere and responsible political thinkers that a thorough reform of our electoral and franchise system is necessary encourages the thought that it is not too late to advocate that the Government accomplish that "right and necessary thing" by appointing a committee of investigation. An additional reason for such a course is the growing opposition in the Conservative Party to this proposed extension of the franchise.

Sex equality in the franchise system is relatively unimportant. What should be decided is that the franchise shall be the possession, as far as necessarily imperfect means of deciding would allow, of competent and responsible citizens. The logical qualifications of voters in a democratic state appear to be the right, decided by status, and the competence to vote. Status means, of course, contribution to a country's revenue, but it should be observed that the willingness and ability to defend, or whole-heartedly and effectively (from the standpoint of a responsible human unit) assist, your country in times of danger, should also constitute the right to vote. Dean Inge calls the latter "a precious piece of clap-trap" (*Evening Standard*, April 13). It is clap-trap only if intellectual capacity is regarded as the sole qualification of the right to vote. That such can be the sole qualification no serious political thinker has ever advanced because it ignores the claims of property. The competence might be decided by such knowledge of the country's affairs, of political systems, and of alternative state policies as to enable one to hold a sensible opinion. This is obviously the more useful vote, and in an ideal community would always accompany right obtained by status; but it is difficult to discover how, in a democratic state, right obtained by status can be denied because it is accompanied by incompetence. A sagacious political thinker like Hume ('Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth') makes property the only deciding factor.

It is nevertheless essential in a highly civilized community that as many as possible of those competent should be granted the franchise; and it is a consoling thought that the majority of the competent would, in all probability, be found among those who possess the right by status. But, apart from this happy association, how are we to decide where the competence to vote most generally exists? An ideal but expensive system would be by a liberal examination by an impartial body, but that, I am afraid, is too characteristic of a Utopian state. It is necessary then to decide at what age men and women begin to think on political questions with reference to their own interests and those of their country, so that a reason for their political education is strongly apparent. Some sort of average must be ascertained, for it is obvious to all that some boys and girls of twenty-one are far more competent to vote than many are throughout their lives. I think generally, however, taking all classes into consideration, the time when serious political thought is most likely to begin is when men and women reflect on the lives they are destined to live (which must not be confused with the ambitions and plans of youth), when they seriously think of marriage and a home and the

responsibilities these incur. And thoughts are usually no less serious when there is no marriage and consequently no home that marriage means. This age, I suggest, is usually between twenty-five and thirty-five. *The Times* has contended "that there is no fundamental virtue in twenty-five as compared with twenty-one" (leading article, April 11); but that is hardly more sensible than saying that there is no fundamental virtue in twenty-one as compared with seventeen. Considering the reasons I have advanced, thirty seems to be the most reasonable qualifying age. Most young women and many young men before thirty are prompted in their opinions largely by emotion, sometimes with very little reason to steady them, and are, consequently, in politics merely sentimentalists, which usually means a tendency towards Socialism.

The considerations then arise of those over thirty who have no right accorded by status, or willingness, or ability to serve their country when service is required; and of those under thirty who have shown that they possess these qualifications. A difficult but important business for a committee of investigation.

I am, etc.,

Grenville House,  
Brunswick Square, W.C. ARNOLD WHITTICK

## THE TRADE UNION BILL.

SIR,—In the course of a letter to *The Times* recently Lord Wrenbury (formerly Mr. Justice Buckley) said: "Every citizen should be assured complete freedom in the conduct of his affairs."

Lord Wrenbury seems to have overlooked here the fact that most legislative enactments have constituted a restriction of such "complete freedom." But for the sake of argument neglecting this, why should not a workman, on the noble Lord's showing, be allowed "complete freedom" to abstain from work or to associate himself with others in abstaining from work?

Although I am regarded by my two or three Labour friends as a sort of semi-Fascist—an idea not diminished by my known admiration (with reservations) of Mussolini—I regard the Trade Union Bill now before the House of Commons as one of the most reactionary measures ever placed before the members for their consideration. Legislation which takes us backward a hundred years, and to a large extent places workmen once again in the iniquitous status of that period, is, I think, a disgrace to the country, and I feel myself in complete sympathy with what Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck has said on the subject. The Prime Minister himself stated in the House after the great strike a year ago that he could understand and appreciate the comradeship with which hundreds of thousands of trade unionists came out on strike in support of the miners in what they regarded as a just cause. This Bill is contrary to the Prime Minister's expressed sentiment, and moreover makes cant of most of our recent denunciations of the tyranny of Germans and Russian Bolsheviks.

A quotation from a reply by Mr. Ian Colvin to H. G. Wells (about the League of Nations) in the *Morning Post* of October 1, 1918, is here apposite:

Australia has complete machinery for making an end of strikes, and strikers who defy that machinery are liable to be coerced by the whole power of Australia. It was exactly the League of Nations idea. Yet when I went into figures I found there were more strikes in Australia than in other countries where no such machinery existed.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR

## TRANSUBSTANTIATION

SIR,—I hardly expected to see so much antagonistic correspondence in reply to my letter of April 23. Space does not permit of my attempting to reply to everything brought against transubstantiation, but it seems that none of the four correspondents understands



what is meant by this doctrine as far as Anglo-Catholics are concerned. That at the act of consecration, the bread and wine are completely annihilated and that the appearance of them which remains causes a delusion to those who trust to sense, and that the Body and Blood of Christ have, indeed, taken the place of the bread and wine, may be one sense of the term transubstantiation, but it is not the one held by Anglo-Catholics.

The Aristotelian system of philosophy has never yet been disproved, and this states that in every material object there are, first, the "accidents," that is, everything which can be discerned by the senses; and secondly, the "substance" or essential part which gives to everything its nature, which, though indiscernible by the senses, truly exists as that to which the accidents inhere. It further asserts that at one time the object can have one substance only. Therefore, assuming this, it is concluded that before consecration the elements have the accidents and substance of bread and wine, but after consecration, though still retaining the accidents of bread and wine, the substance has become that of the Body and Blood of Christ.

This latter is in no way repugnant to Article XXVIII, because it does not overthrow the nature of a sacrament. It was this doctrine which was asserted at the Council of Trent which met fourteen years after the writing of Article XXVIII. That doctrine which is condemned by this article is the first type of transubstantiation which, previous to the Council of Trent, was very prevalent. Incidentally, the Council of Trent condemned, like the twenty-eighth article, the first doctrine of transubstantiation. Furthermore, when I was confirmed, I remember quite well learning a portion of the Catechism which ran as follows: "The Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper." Again, "This is My Body" and "This is My Blood" can mean but one thing, and one thing only can be concluded from St. John vi, 53-59. Moreover, if no change affects the bread and wine, why should St. Paul say that, "Whoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord"?

I must thank Mr. Crabtree for the correction. I should have said "The Christian Church from the earliest times." We must conclude that the leaders of the Church held the doctrines of the Church, and, had Mr. Crabtree read the histories of St. Justin Martyr, St. Cyprian, and St. Basil, who tell of the second century, of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, of the fourth century, of St. Cyril of Alexandria, of the fifth century, and of St. Ambrose, St. Augustine and Tertullian, he would not have made his following remark. Mr. Macleash might also read of these stalwart champions of the Christian Faith in the early centuries, since he imagines one of my statements to be a very debatable proposition.

To Mr. Farmer I can only say that the Articles of Religion are a very great obstacle to those who would otherwise enter the ministry of the Church of England, and I believe they are omitted from the Composite Prayer Book; but neither Article XXVIII or XXV annul the doctrine of transubstantiation held by Anglo-Catholics. His last paragraph with reference to England becoming a priest-ridden country sounds very nice, but it has no bearing on the subject. I should like to remind Mr. Cawley that the Anglo-Catholic priest does not claim power and authority to transubstantiate from Cranmer's Ordinal, nor from his Liturgy to do so validly. The priest is not a magician. The Holy Spirit transubstantiates.

I am, etc.,

43 Roydstone Terrace, W. R. CARSON CHAPMAN  
Bradford

SIR,—Referring to the controversy arising out of transubstantiation—a very technical one and very confusing owing to the difference in meaning between the English word "substance" and the Latin word "substantium" as understood by the scholastic philosophers, I should like to ask, does it matter how our Lord is present, so long as we know He is verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful?

The theories of transubstantiation subdivided into realism and nomination may be interesting to individuals, but have no binding authority on English Catholics. We know that Christ's presence is spiritual, objective, supra-local, non-special—all this can be fitted into the technical term or otherwise as desired, but the Ecclesia Anglicana wisely leaves it an open question.

May I also point out that those somewhat hysterical Protestants who are pulling every wire to defeat the Bishops' Prayer Book proposals are doing exactly what the most pronounced English Catholics desire? These latter do not like the proposed book, but would not on principle use the power of the State against the Church, which is what these (the Protestant agitators) are doing for them!

I am, etc.,  
WM. HEAD

49 Seymour Street,  
Manchester

SIR,—If your correspondent, Mr. Farmer, applies the principle he advocates of differentiating facts and opinions, he will not confuse the fact of the Bishops' unchanged doctrine with his own "opinion" that there is a change.

The "doctrine of localized presence" exists only in his own imagination. The sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, we conceive, is an—or rather the—eternal sacrifice, and is everywhere present. It is with us in the deepest realized sense where "two or three are gathered together" to "do this for His Memorial." That to us is fact. The "doctrine of transubstantiation," as the Roman Catholic Church terms it, is a philosophical theory only.

I am, etc.,  
St. John's Vicarage, W. ARTHUR WESTLEY  
Oldham

#### THE DOGS' PROTECTION BILL

SIR,—Mrs. Beatrice E. Kidd, of the British Antivivisection Society, says that "There is no such thing as 'necessary cruelty.'" Where does she draw the line? Would she prohibit the use of rat poison, which undoubtedly causes pain to the rats? What about the use of fly-papers, on whose sticky surfaces the unfortunate fly dies of exhaustion? Keating's powder kills fleas, as I understand, by blocking the breathing apparatus of the flea, who is killed by the painful process of suffocation. Again, who knows the agonies inflicted on bacilli and microbes by the use of ordinary medicines?

Other instances of what appear to be necessary cruelty could be multiplied.

I am, etc.,  
AN F.R.S.

#### P's AND Q's

SIR,—Can you afford me any enlightenment as to the origin and meaning of the colloquial phrase, "The tune the cat died of"?

A. D. JEPHSON

SIR,—In what work is the line "Necessity is the mother of invention" to be found?

H. BRADLEY

## "GOD BLESS YOU"

SIR,—The following passage from Caxton's 'Golden Legend' (edition 1483) may perhaps throw some light on the query of your correspondent, Mr. G. Clark:

For as the Romayns had in the lenton lyued sobrelly and in contynence, and after at Ester had receyued theyr Sauyours; after they disordered them in etyng, in drynkyng, in playes, in lecherye. And therefore our Lord was meuyed against them and sente them a great pestelence which was called the Botche of impedyme, and that was cruell and sodayne, and caused peple to dye in going by the waye, in pleyng, in leying atte table, and in spekyng one with another sodeynly they deyed. In this manere sometyme snesyng, they deyed; so that when any personne was herd snesyng, anone they that were by said to hym, God helpe you, or Cryst helpe, and yet endureth the custome.

"VERAX"

## ART

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

"LOOK at the Royal Academy!" cried Miss La Creevy. "All those beautiful shiny portraits of gentlemen in black velvet waistcoats, with their fists doubled up on round tables, or marble slabs, are serious, you know; and all the ladies who are playing with little parasols, or little dogs, or little children—it's the same rule in art, only varying the objects—are smirking. In fact, there are only two styles of portrait-painting: the serious and the smirk; and we always use the serious for professional people (except actors sometimes), and the smirk for private ladies and gentlemen who don't care so much about looking clever." This is still true, allowing for Dickensian generalization and the velvet waistcoats, but do not let us waste on it more than the annual sigh and the weary wish that somebody could dock the Academy. So much tail gets in the way of the head and body; but head and body there are, and notably this year.

The head is once more supplied by Mrs. Dodd Proctor. Her 'Morning' (735) seems to me to surpass her brilliant 'Model' of two years ago, and that is to say a very great deal. This picture is surely a masterpiece. Its subtlety of colour and massive modelling make it stand out from the drab walls with an almost shocking force. We are startled into an intense realization of shapes and colours and lines. The essential abstract language of painting is spoken clearly and yet without any distortion or abstruseness to disturb the simplest minded. In other words, Mrs. Proctor, while being "true to life," never once allows the irrelevance of life to baulk her purely æsthetic aim, the creation of forms and colours which shall, by their combination and movement together, stir us as the chords and harmonies of a musician may do. Compare this picture with a quite competent piece of manufacture near by, a 'Danaë' (720) and observe how the latter, for all its "artistic" pose and "poetic" fittings, remains entirely commonplace, while Mrs. Proctor's common girl in her common bed has become, somehow, a universal figure which excites in us a feeling of essential reality.

This picture being in the last room, I strongly recommend that the Academy should be visited the wrong way round. There are other reasons. In the same room is Miss Laura Knight's really fine 'Dressing for the Ballet' (680). The difficult twist of the young figure is admirably managed, and forms a dramatic contrast with the stolid and characteristic pyramid of the dresser. The colours are all bound carefully together and so avoid gaudiness; the pink tights are caught up by the rouge-box on the table,

the yellow hair by another box, the blue dress by a make-up stick, while the carpet and the dress are linked by the transitional colour of the earring. Such a good design. And how faithfully are rendered the bored allurements of the actress and the bored *bonne femmerie* of the dresser. Also in this room, Gallery XI, take note of the works of Mr. John E. Nicholls (713) and Mr. Meredith Frampton (718), as of Mr. Frampton's portrait in Gallery V, 'Frank Stayton, Esq.' (285).

In Gallery X is Mr. Ernest Proctor's large decoration 'The Judgement of Paris' (605), a very Bronzinoesque, cold, intellectual affair which I could not like but had to admire. Better, therefore, to say nothing further about it. Mr. Harry Bush shows a pleasant picture, 'The Cloud' (620). One unforgettable little picture in Gallery IX is Mr. Walter Sickert's 'St. Valéry-en-Caux' (544), painted almost entirely, one might say, to show off an orange. The colour sings out superbly on the grey face of its setting. Not perhaps a great picture, but a piece of wonderful virtuosity by a great painter.

It is not until, in our backward progress, we reach Gallery VI that I have any particular remark to make, but I would draw attention on the way to the works of Mr. Algernon Newton (512), Mr. Henry M. Carr (412), Mr. Ernest Townsend (392), and Mr. B. Fleetwood Walker (394). But something really must be said about Gallery VI. First of all, that a good picture is skied, and secondly that a number of insults to the intellect, taste and forbearance of the British public are displayed on a large scale. The good picture is Mr. Miguel Mackinlay's 'The Bath' (341), a well-built, well-knit picture, an interesting progression of greens on a background of drab pinks, neutral greys and browns, a sincere picture. But there are three things which I think one may justly be angry about. After all, the Philistine thinks himself justified in flinging the most virulent abuse at any real work of art that struggles somehow into general view. Why should those who care for art always be polite or silently contemptuous? There is 'The Hon. Lady Sackville-West' (481), by Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper, A.R.A., and though I will pass over the 'Battle of Jutland' (344), and the monument by Miss Nina Cust (1,657), I cannot pass over 'Hallowe'en, 1914' (and all the rest of it, including the extract from the telegram to Colonel Malcolm by Sir John French), by Mr. R. Caton Woodville (353). This battle picture is not only not art, it is very bad illustration. I have seen enough of battles to know that they neither looked nor felt like this. Why do all the London Scottish suffer from that terrible disease which makes the eyes project? And why are some of them so very much lighter than air?

Each of the five exhibits of Mr. Oliver Hall—newly elected R.A.—displays his customary qualities of thoroughly sound craftsmanship, scholarly fastidiousness in colour and sensitive horror of the spectacular and the meretricious; each of these exhibits is a quiet expression of nature by one who is essentially English and of the great tradition of Crome, Cotman, and Constable. The architecture of the sky in 'Morecombe Sands' (150), with the subtlety of its tender blues, greys and greens will endure when the crowds have long dispersed from the popular pictures. Mr. Hall has nothing which makes for popularity, but a great deal which makes for endurance. The work of Mr. Philip H. Padwick is again very interesting, in particular the 'Landscape' (152). His fierce simplicity produces a curiously sophisticated Claudesque atmosphere that at first intrigues and then rather frightens us. It is a stage-setting for a masque that will end in tragedy; a romantic face on the sinister. It has too, a touch of the quality of Rousseau le Douanier. Mr. Claude Muncaster has some-

what disappointed me this year, but his 'Tramp Steamer' (307) is one of the better works in the exhibition.

It is only lack of space that prevents me from commenting at length on the distinguished work of Mr. Francis Taylor (287), Mr. Charles Knight (263), Mr. Gerald F. Kelly, A.R.A. (78), Mr. Frank C. Medworth (71), Mr. Owen B. Reynolds (62), Mr. Ralph Bullock (38), Mr. James Bateman (29), Mr. Arthur E. Law (35), and Mr. Edgar T. Holding (42). This last painter has contributed one of the most entirely satisfying water-colours, 'The Two Barques' (767). The way in which the white hull of one ship has been made to tell is very remarkable. Among the other water-colours I found a certain dramatic solidity, a feeling of material immutability about the Hon. Duff Tollemahe's 'Old Cottages at Paignton' (766), clever characterization in Mr. A. Middleton Todd's 'Mr. Henry Chutterbuck' (844), and a happy use of red and green in contrast to Velasquezian tonality in Mr. Frederick Holmes's 'Low Tide' (892).

The drawings and engravings are on a very high level, but again I must be content with a list of names. They are: Mr. Arthur Briscoe (1,098), Mr. Ernest E. Newton (1,100), Miss Gertrude M. Hodges (1,103), Mr. Robert Austin (1,107 and 1,124), Mr. Paul Drury (1,113), Mr. Graham Sutherland (1,131), Mr. Harold Whaley (1,155), Mr. Henry Rushbury (1,193), Mr. Clive Gardner (1,212) and Miss Vera K. Wheeler (1,213).

"Ah! the difficulties of Art, my dear, are great," said Miss La Creevy. "They are beyond anything you can form the faintest conception of." And so are the difficulties of criticism when it comes to dealing with 1,698 exhibits in a less number of words. Burlington House is not such a breathless affair as this notice of it.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—62

SET BY IVOR BROWN

A. *Since the Poet Laureate appears to prefer the dignity of his art to the duties of his office, we frequently lack Poetical Salutes to events of national importance. There may be some who regret the silence and would be glad to break it. We therefore offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Salute in Verse to the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy, opened this week at Burlington House. Competitors are requested to show their own laurels and not to attempt a pastiche on the style of the Laureate. They are limited to twenty-four lines, but they may suggest that this is only the first flourish of a Salute intended to be as large as it is fine.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an excerpt, not exceeding 250 words, from an essay on 'Froth-Blowing,' in the manner of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam.*

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 62a, or LITERARY 62b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, May 16, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 60.

SET BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

A. *The latest discovery about Shakespeare is that he was an Italian. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best new silly theory about Shakespeare, with the usual adequate proofs, in about 400 words. While the theory may be completely absurd, it must carry with it a certain amount of plausible reasoning, and it is to the combination of these two things that consideration will be given in making the awards.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best couplet or quatrain on the Films. It must be appreciative and not satirical, and of such a nature that it might be used as a motto to be inscribed above the entrance of a Picture Theatre or on the programme of the Film Society.*

We have received the following report from Mr. J. B. Priestley, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

### REPORT FROM MR. PRIESTLEY

60A. This competition was such a roaring success that we have almost enough material for a 'SATURDAY REVIEW Book of Shakespeares.' Moreover, we have, I imagine, anticipated all the Shakespearean discoveries of the next ten years. It was only to be expected that a good many competitors would turn the poet into a woman. Three of them pointed to Elizabeth herself. Nor was she the only royal personage. King James had two advocates, and there was even one (Discretion) who set up Anne of Denmark behind the dummy figure of the Stratford Clown. (Nearly all the competitors, by the way, hit the true Baconian accent of contempt when they mentioned William himself.) But my heart went out to Caligula, who attempted to prove, chiefly from the Sonnets, that our poet was a negress. Raleigh and Marlowe, of course, were only to be expected. Then there was Shakespeare as a Spaniard, a cricketer, a court-jester, a cross-word puzzle enthusiast, a steward, a froth-blower, and as quite a number of Jews and Moors. Chiliarch began well by boldly announcing that our poet was Homer, and then pointing out that "Pope translated Homer into English, but he never attempted to translate Shakespeare into Greek; obvious proof that it was unnecessary." If all the essay had been as good as that, Chiliarch would have been an easy first; as it is, he certainly deserves a most grateful and honourable mention. So too, do James Hall, who points out that Shakespeare was a twin and that Mr. W. H. was merely his brother, William Henry; and R. H. Pomfret, for his theory that Shakespeare was a marine store dealer and rag-picker, and especially for his remark that the epitaph cursing any remover of bones reveals a jealous solicitude for some secret cache "of hardly-gleaned bones stored away against old age." Another competitor, whose work arrived too late for adjudication, set out to prove that Shakespeare was Cervantes. Among such riches, a final choice has been difficult, and it is only a superior gravity of tone and neatness of execution that have brought the first prize to Sidar Brawn and the second to Non Omnia.



# THE WINNING ENTRY

Why did Shakespeare's mind so often turn to the South and Eastern Mediterranean? Why were Antony and Cleopatra and Pericles laid there?—the former with its weird picture of a Nile barge, such as only an eye-witness could have given. Whence the intimate knowledge of the fauna of a South Mediterranean Island shown in 'The Tempest'? Why (in the greatest of the Tragedies) was a Moor made Generalissimo of the Venetian forces, and against Turks, and the scenes laid in Cyprus? And a hundred more.

That the dramatist was not English-born is clear from the fact that whenever he wrote of England as a whole, he did so, not from the inside as of a green, hamleted rural country, but from the outside, as seen from the sea,

Bound in with the triumphant sea,

and one whom "Neptune's arms" "clippeth about"—and that the harping on the Eastern Mediterranean is of deep significance is proved by a collation of five of the best-known passages in the Plays. I mean:

- (i) Lear's famous "Patience, patience, I need!"—with its needless repetition;
- (ii) Prince Hal's abuse of Falstaff, including the very unnatural "this botching-hutch (or bin for sifted flour) of beastliness";
- (iii) The toad that  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,  
—a forced comparison, and an apparently inexplicable piece of false zoology;
- (iv) Hamlet's fooling of Polonius with (of all things) a strange-shaped cloud; and
- (v) Timon's lonely vigil—to which a very artificial concatenation of events were needed to bring him.

The object of these artificialities is revealed in the Arabic word *sabir*. The dictionary gives these meanings (i) *patient*, (ii) *sifted flour*, (iii) *a hard stone*, (iv) *a white cloud, curling one part above another and prognosticating rain* (? camel, weasel- or whale-backed) (v) *a lonely man without children or brothers*. What are we to deduce?

The dramatist has concealed in these striking passages his name, *Sabir*! *Es Sabir* was his name, then, *Sheikh Es Sabir*, the Patient One or the Tough Nut—which, allowing for the Arabic soft pronunciation of *p*, and the ubiquitous interconsenantal *a*, is near enough to the English transliterations. This moreover accounts for the freedom of spelling of the name.

Having established the dramatist as an Arab, we can find infinite corroboration. Sailing at an early age from Aleppo (vd. First Witch's threats, 'Macbeth' I, iii), probably in an English ship, perhaps 'The Tiger' herself, against whose master he may have conceived an antipathy for his anti-oriental sentiments, he acquired enough nautical knowledge on the journey for his sailors' scenes in 'The Tempest' and 'Twelfth Night,' etc., etc.

SIRDAR BRAWN

## SECOND PRIZE

It was noticed on the death of Elizabeth that Shakespeare lamented the Queen in no ode or elegy (Dowden, p. 26). The natural explanation of this otherwise remarkable fact is that Elizabeth herself was the author of "Shakespeare's" works. Since Nausicaa has been proved the writer of the Odyssey the feminine authorship of the plays presents no difficulty. Elizabeth had leisure (Melvil), but no Renaissance prince could consent to professional practice of a vulgar pastime, and therefore she selected this hanger-on of the playhouses to publish the plays under his own name, for which he was well paid. We perceive an understanding between them when she sent for Shakespeare and ordered him to show Falstaff in love. She knew what was coming. This view admits no difficulty in the fact that plays were published after the death of the Queen—

Shakespeare had the manuscripts and allowed them to be produced at credible intervals—and enables us to account for the general inferiority of the references to the reign of James I, which are admittedly interpolations (cf. the king's evil passage in Macbeth).

Contemporaries sensed the truth. Ben Jonson calls the author of the plays, "Soul of the age." Who was the soul of Elizabethan England but the Queen? Greene's "Tiger's heart, wrapped in a player's hide" can refer to none other than the fiery soul that guided the State.

This view agrees with all we know of Elizabeth's character. What more likely for her secretive nature than this concealment? How often in the plays are women disguised as men! Classical scholarship, Italian, music, hunting, hawking, statesmanship, acquaintance with courts, command of abuse, coarse jokes—here is all the material required.

Modern psychological developments, too, support this female origin. Consider the stress laid upon virginity. 'Antony and Cleopatra' and 'Measure for Measure' witness the inner conflict. 'The Taming of the Shrew' displays the unconscious desire for the comfortable dependence of marriage. Hamlet's "O cursed spite" expresses the agonized loneliness of that soul called to pacify a divided country. What better candidate for the Dark Lady of the Sonnets than Mary, Queen of Scots, whom Elizabeth hated for her power of attracting men, and yet was compelled to befriend for reasons of State? The Sonnets are indeed a human document, and it was not the soul of the Warwickshire hind that cried out in them, "And my great mind most kingly drinks it up."

NON OMNIA

60B. The proprietors of picture theatres should have no difficulty in finding mottoes, if we may judge from the very large number of entries to this competition. And the epigrams were almost as unequal as the films themselves. Most of them were colourless lines of praise, but not a few had qualities of their own. Nothing could be simpler and more direct than the following:

Here you may sit at your ease,  
While we show you films that please.

or again

Come and spend an hour with me,  
And finest films you will see.

Another competitor compiled a brief and brutal catalogue of charms:

A smoke, a programme, music, chocs.,  
A seat, a film, a hanky,  
A Chaplin, Fairbanks, Ingram, Fox,  
A Gish, a Vilma Banky.

And yet another achieved two memorable lines in a similar vein:

Here's Charlie and Harold, Mix, Boyd and Buster,  
To shed o'er the Movies incomparable lustre.

The epigrammatists who took a moral line were not on the whole very successful; they lacked conviction, as in the following:

Glimpses of others' love and laughter, tears and strife  
May serve to add equipment to your views of life.

and again

We arouse in tired minds the pleasure of hope  
And enable the workers with real life to cope.

I have given the first prize to Marion Peacock's couplet not merely because it has admirable brevity and ring, but more especially because its second line is packed with meaning. The players, too, of the films are given an immortal hour, their performances remaining with us. The quatrain that takes the second prize is more rounded than its humorous rivals, among which the epigrams of Helen, A. A., C. Clark, G. E. Walker, and James Hall are prominent. All these competitors deserve mention, and so does Hilda Elizabeth Hancock, who is only fourteen, and writes bravely of "great things on a silver sheet."

## THE WINNING ENTRY

These moving shapes of genius, with the power  
To give to mortals an immortal hour.

MARION PEACOCK

## SECOND PRIZE

Bright shadowings, across our silent stage,  
Of youth, and perilous beauty, and slow age,  
Beckon to sparkling springs and fountains deep  
All who have lips to smile, who have eyes to weep.

G. ROSTREVOUR HAMILTON

## BACK NUMBERS—XXII

IN 1855 the SATURDAY REVIEW gave a very friendly welcome to 'The Song of Hiawatha,' congratulating Longfellow "both as scholar and poet" on the success of an enterprise which was certainly novel. In 1882, on his death, this paper said: "Mr. Longfellow was easily first among his own countrymen as a poet." Where does he stand now? 'Hiawatha' still enjoys a kind of fame. That is to say, everyone knows the title, everyone has a notion of its subject, and almost everyone could produce a tolerable parody of the verse. But is it still widely read? And 'Evangeline'? And those mild lyrics?

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Probably the greater number of Longfellow's lyrics share the fate of Moore's. Not one of us but remembers 'The Light of Other Days,' but it would be difficult to find anyone who seriously honoured it. Yet the best of Longfellow has been esteemed, and in comparatively recent years, long after its original popularity, by men whose standards were not those of the mob. Henley was not a gentle creature, or a servile admirer of traditional technique, yet he wrote with admiration of Longfellow, especially of that feeling for the romance of the sea which finds expression in the two finest lines Longfellow ever produced. Andrew Lang was another supporter. An eminent living critic has preserved a discriminating affection for him. The anthologies do not neglect him.

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To be sure, his is the antithesis of such poetry as now commands most worshippers; but as there is nothing to be gained by hooting so harmless an old creature he is not dragged into discussion as an example of the virtues and vices that we to-day must avoid. He is in danger of being passed by, not unkindly, rather than of derision. Well, perhaps it may be an error to pass him by. Thin as much of his work is, frequently as it degenerates into sentimentality, it has from time to time modest merits which are somewhat scarce to-day. Even when the substance is commonplace, the writing is often in its way good. The movement of the verse is neither vigorous nor very distinguished, but it is natural and easy, and the sentiment, if too facile, is at least thoroughly communicated to the reader. To read much of this poetry is to lapse into that frame of mind in which we have the illusion of thinking without the exertion, but a man might do worse on a wet afternoon than look again at a few of the better lyrics. If they do nothing more for him, they will send him back with a keener zest to his Donne.

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Longfellow, far from being either the first or the greatest of American poets, was incomparably the most popular. He would have been popular in any country in which he had been born, for he felt, more sensitively, just what the average man feels; but born in England he would have had a harder and very much more crowded road to travel, and might have developed more individuality. In America, all was easy for him. He received attention so early and found himself so comfortably in touch with his public that there was no occasion for doubt or irritation. He arrived far too soon at a poise which to be valuable must be the result of effort. At peace with himself and his audience, he produced amply, unexercised in mind about his own attitude or that of his readers.

It was not so that Poe and Whitman lived and worked; but the America of that day was not much concerned with those two men of genius. It preferred the admirable, decorous men of talent among whom Longfellow moved to the dead decadent and the living revolutionary. In Longfellow himself it found poetry made respectable and useful, a poetry which expressed for the most part just what it becomes decent people to feel about love and death and the duties of the citizen; and since criticism could not deny that Longfellow at his best was genuinely a poet, the public had the unusual sensation of being at ease on Parnassus.

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The work by which Longfellow became most popular will mostly perish, if it has not already perished; but he is not of the tribe of, say, Pomfret. About a century ago, Southey, editing an anthology, inquired why Pomfret was the most popular of English poets. An astonishing question to-day, when probably not one person in a hundred has any knowledge of Pomfret. A set of rather neat verses, 'The Choice,' kept Pomfret on all men's lips for three or four generations, and then he disappeared. Longfellow will not vanish. Nor will he sink to the level of Mrs. Hemans, in whom there is so often a ludicrous discrepancy between substance and expression, her real womanly emotion issuing in merely ladylike words. When he is at or near his best, Longfellow is precisely expressive, in his way and degree an artist.

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Take that poem, assuredly the finest he wrote, which tells us that the thoughts of youth are long thoughts. That it contains the two wonderful lines about the mystery and the magic of the ships is by no means its only claim on us. It recovers, without profound feeling, it is true, but with a moving wistfulness, the sensations of boyhood, and in a stanzaic form entirely appropriate. And it does what it was meant to do with perfect ease, with the most natural transitions. Longfellow had fluency in the bad sense, certainly, but he had also at times this flow.

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Like every poet who has chosen to try "that other harmony," he wrote good prose, for which he does not seem now to get credit. Take this, of Jean Paul:

And the figures and ornaments of his style, wild, fantastic, and oftentimes startling, like those in Gothic cathedrals, are not merely what they seem, but massive coigns and buttresses, which support the fabric. Remove them, and the roof and walls fall in. And through these gargoyles, these wild faces, these images of beasts and men carved upon spouts and gutters, flow out, like gathered rain, the bright abundant thoughts that have fallen from heaven. And all he does is done with a kind of serious playfulness. He is a sea-monster, disporting himself on the broad ocean; his very sport is earnest; there is something majestic and serious about it.

That is prose, and may rather surprise some people who are quite sure they took Longfellow's measure when as children they outgrew 'The Hesperus' and that intolerable blend of priggishness and bad poetry, 'Excelsior.'

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No consideration of Longfellow should close without a reference to his translations. Having but one foreign living language, I cannot judge of the literal accuracy of most of his versions; but many read excellently, and some suggest that, under stimulus, he could attain to a style more vivid than that of his original verse.

STET.

## REVIEWS

### TOO MANY NOVELS

By EDWARD SHANKS

*A Century of the English Novel.* By Cornelius Weygandt. Brentano's. 12s. 6d.

I HAVE tried, but without success, to discover when this book was written; it does not contain even the date of publication. (Nor, for that matter, any information as to where or by whom it was printed—a serious omission, but not one that concerns me.) The date of writing is the important point, because the final chapter on 'The Neo-Georgians' more than once stops short of their best books. But, perhaps, after all, it is not so important; omissions not accounted for by any supposition as to the date of writing make it fairly clear that Mr. Weygandt and I are frequently liable to disagree as to which is the best book written by any author.

It is a rather astonishing compilation. Mr. Weygandt must have an appetite like an ostrich's, and, if he ignores several books which I think he should have mentioned, he mentions, with an air of knowledge, a great many which I should never think of reading. The pity is that his work, which is much too much of a catalogue to be taken seriously as criticism, has far too many gaps to be of much use as a catalogue. The book arrives at no conclusion in particular—I do not assert that there is any useful conclusion to be arrived at. It meanders amiably on from Sir Walter Scott or thereabouts to Mr. R. H. Mottram or thereabouts, and on the way it mentions a breath-taking number of names, both of novels and of novelists. Mr. Weygandt has read an enormous quantity of books; too many, indeed, for him to get a clear critical view of his subject or, one would have thought, for enjoyment, not enough for a work of reference.

Mr. Weygandt's notions of criticism are odd and naïve. He solemnly complains that in the works of the author of 'Mr. Midshipman Easy' there is "no reading of life; there is no appreciation of beauty; there is no lyric feeling"—all of which is no doubt true, but not very much to the point, and rather like complaining that there are no crystallized cherries in the haggis. Some of his classifications are unexpected in the extreme. He recognizes a "modern school of terror" and names as its members Mr. Arthur Machen, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. Algernon Blackwood, Mr. Robert Simpson, Mr. Michael Sadleir, Mr. Brett Young, Mr. Forrest Reid, Miss V. Sackville West, and Mr. Masfield. Who is Mr. Robert Simpson? Well, I happen to know; I recognized him by the name of a book which is here quoted. It is 'The Bite of Benin,' a good shocker, but no better than dozens of its kind which are published every year. Accident brought it my way, and accident must have brought it into Mr. Weygandt's reading. Indeed, accident evidently plays a very large part in his account of modern authors. Perhaps the point of time will excuse him for writing a commendable eulogy of Mr. E. M. Forster without mentioning 'A Passage to India,' though that masterpiece was published as long ago as 1924. But it will hardly excuse him for pronouncing on the position of Mr. J. D. Beresford as a novelist without, apparently, having read 'The Hampden-shire Wonder,' 'The House in Demetrius Road,' or 'God's Counterpoint.' Writing of Mr. Oliver Onions, he praises the 'In Accordance with the Evidence' series, and blames 'The Tower of Oblivion,' but he mentions nothing else, and makes the amazing statement that "our intellectual snobbishness is a little troubled, perhaps, if we happen to like Oliver Onions." Queer, but true.

This book does impress on one the extraordinary predominance of the novel over our literature during

the last century. Mr. Max Beerbohm once reminded us how popular the sermon used to be in the eighteenth century, and quoted Dr. Johnson's sage and magisterial pronouncements on the works of preachers who are now utterly forgotten. He imagined a modern Johnson making similar pronouncements on popular novelists of our day who are destined—such, one supposes, was the implication—to an equal oblivion. For my part, this book inspires me with a vision of some man of letters in the future who will feel for the nineteenth and twentieth century novel what Swinburne felt for the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama. There was no persuading Swinburne that very many of those ephemeral plays were quite negligible whether for good or for evil. He had his dislikes, as well as his likes, but no indifferences. For him the five acts of any Elizabethan constituted an important work, to which he was eager to give the full force of his attention.

But that successor to Swinburne whom I have imagined will have a very different field in front of him. The Elizabethans were not so prolific, and not all that they wrote, not even all that they published, has survived. It is possible to master what remains, and with sincerity to lament what has vanished. But for the enthusiast for novels there will be a grimmer task. I am told that no fewer than fourteen hundred novels were published last year. This was probably a record, but, even taken by itself, it represents a formidable heap of reading matter. The accumulations of this century alone would take away the appetite of the most voracious student. If we go back to Mr. Weygandt's starting-point, we may well be appalled. The British Museum has taken on itself to interfere with the salutary ministrations of time; nothing has disappeared. The future Swinburne will have no time for writing poetry.

What makes it tragic is that so much of the mass is not without discernible merits. Mr. Weygandt is able to find, and not unreasonably, a kind word for all manner of vanished books. In our own day the standard is really very high. Every year there appear many scores of books in which the reader can perceive careful writing and careful characterization, some knowledge of life, and an individual point of view. Unfortunately, it is not more than two or three times a year (if it is as often as that) that one finds a novel of which more can be said. Publishers have been recommended to impose on themselves a self-denying ordinance and improve the quality by reducing the quantity. But that is not an easy remedy to apply. Raise the standard a little and you will have very little to publish; bring it down again, and the deluge will continue. An enormous amount of talent is dispersing itself through enormous quantities of books which are pretty good, but just not very good. Perhaps one day suddenly we shall wake up to the fact that the flood has begun to recede and that the era of the novel is already over.

### MIDNIGHT HAGS

*The Geography of Witchcraft.* By Montague Summers. Kegan Paul. 21s.

IF the author of this work aimed at producing an entertaining work he has beyond question succeeded; there is here unrolled before our eyes a volume of data relating to witchcraft in Western Europe, intermingled with stories of werewolves, poltergeists, ghosts and the like, which have some relation to the main subject, and, side by side with them, remarks on the eating of human corpses, human sacrifice, pagan cults, the morals of a Pope, and the Faust legend, the connexion of which with witchcraft remains obscure. But if Mr. Summers wished to produce a real survey of witchcraft he has set about his



task with inadequate data, an insufficient knowledge of method and a far too limited view of his subject. He defends himself in the preface against the criticism that he deals with only a small portion of the earth's surface. But an author who writes in a series dealing with the history of civilization cannot circumscribe his outlook in this way; in the first place the witchcraft of Greece and Rome, with which the opening chapter is concerned, is not the beginning of sorcery, any more than Greek and Latin are the original tongues of the human race or even of Greece and Italy. The prologue to a history of witchcraft must be the examination of the allied phenomena all the world over.

After this preliminary survey the historian must then set forth in detail the most ancient attainable facts relative to the area with which he proposes to deal; but he must also cast his net wide enough to bring in the relevant data from all regions which have in any way influenced the development of his own field. It is idle to deal with Greece and Rome and barely mention the Near East.

Due attention must also be paid to historical development, for nothing can be more fatal to success than the idea that any human institution is a fixed form not subject to change. Yet Mr. Summers does not even see that the association of witchcraft with the devil is of secondary origin and deserves to be followed in detail; he has little to say on the subject beyond the futile remark that worship of demons, by which he means the masquerading at Christmas in the skin of a stag or bull-calf, may be regarded as equivalent to an alliance with the devil.

In dealing with his authorities the historian will of course draw a sharp distinction between the real facts of witchcraft and the beliefs held about it by the witch or by the rest of mankind; he will realize the rôle played by suggestion, by hysteria, by trickery, by misrepresentation of facts and the like, both at witch trials and in the daily life of the people. He will take care to make himself acquainted with the facts of hypnotism and with the evidence for all sorts of supernormal faculties and facts. He will also realize the need for careful use of words; we speak of the witch of Endor, but the term is not used in the Bible; Saul sent to find a woman with a familiar spirit, in other words a medium, whom the Septuagint terms a ventriloquist. Apparently Mr. Summers has not pursued his studies so far as to read what the Seventy thought of the matter; so he brands Reginald Scot as a myopic squireen for mentioning ventriloquism in this connexion; it would be interesting to hear what he thinks of the authority whom Scot followed; it is possible that they knew what they were about.

The arrangement of the work is primarily geographical, secondarily chronological; but this does not prevent the author from dragging in the supposed worship of Satan in modern Berlin, upon the authority of a daily paper, when he is giving a dissertation upon the misdeeds of the Roman Emperor Maxentius. The author's mania for the quotation of inapposite data is, in fact, the bane of the work; if Jane Shore is charged with sorcery on wholly imaginary grounds, Mr. Summers must needs tell us what Richard of Gloucester said when he accused her. If Jewel urges the passing of a law against witches, we are certain to find quoted Campion's opinion on the outcome of Jewel's challenge to debate Catholic and Protestant tenets. The author's anti-Protestant bias leads him to interpolate inept remarks at the slightest excuse; he prefates his chapter on Scotland by speaking of John Knox as "that quintessence of verjuice and venom, whose loathsome slime fouled Caledonia from north to south"; if a Puritan or a Calvinist sends a witch to the stake or the gallows, she is the victim of "blood lust and ignorant rage," but no such epithets are hurled at the

Inquisitors. Not content with these efforts Mr. Summers tells a story of how Cromwell secured the victory at the battle of Worcester by making a pact with the devil, who appeared as a grave elderly man with a parchment in his hand. Mr. Summers does indeed tell us that he disbelieves it and justifies the presence of the story in a work on witchcraft by pleading that a fairy tale may be morally although not literally true. These futilities may make amusing reading even for those who do not share the author's views, but they do not suggest that he is either logical or prudent. If the space wasted on irrelevant data had been devoted to a more extended study of really important facts the book might have done something to justify its title.

It would be unjust to the author to imply that he has not been industrious; he has accumulated a mass of material and his notes at the end of the chapters number over seven hundred; but the majority of them are rather literary than scientific. Mr. Summers believes that the devil sometimes appears at a witches' "Sabbath," but it has not occurred to him to inquire how much truth underlies the ascription to witches of supernormal powers; he does not even think it worth while to cite the singular depositions recorded by some of his authors, for his main interest is the obscenity of the witch cult, its alliance with heresy and the part played in it by the devil. A case in point is that of a witch imprisoned at York when Sir John Reresby was governor; all that we learn is that she was almost certainly reprieved. Now Reresby tells us that a sentry posted outside her door saw by the light of the moon a scroll of paper creep from under her door; it first became a monkey, then a turkey-cock and passed to and fro before him. The under-keeper, summoned by the sentry, saw neither monkey nor turkey-cock, but only a scroll of paper dancing up and down. Both witnesses agreed that the scroll crept back under the door though the gap was but the thickness of half-a-crown. The sentry and the under-keeper are obviously far better witnesses than those who testified at trials; their evidence deserves to be quoted. If it was hallucination, why did the under-keeper see only the scroll? If it was not hallucination, what is to be made of the case?

The index, occupied almost solely by proper names, is hopelessly inadequate for those who are interested in facts. The work itself, if it does not leave the reader with any very clear ideas, provides a variety of information on wholly unexpected matters.

## REQUIEM

*Requiem.* By Humbert Wolfe. Benn. 6s.

MR. WOLFE'S poem is so large in scope, so sensitive and subtle in detail, that not after the first reading, or the second, or the third, can one be sure of having grasped its harmonies or its full significance. If the test of poetry be to require an intimacy which grows by what it feeds on, 'Requiem' challenges the test and triumphantly answers it. Here are richnesses infolded, interdependent, organic, supporting one another and the whole. But what occurs first to appreciation, and for many readers will probably remain most obvious to the end, is the loveliness of the lyrics prelude, concluding, and interspersed. Consider the dedication, with its bold and simple claim to inspiration:

The moment passed; it is not given to men  
to overtake those echoes with a word.  
I am as sure they will not come again  
as I am certain they were overheard.

Or the coda, with its reverberating note of threnody:

The high song is over. Even the echoes fail now;  
winners and losers—they are only a theme now,

their victory and defeat a half-forgotten tale now;  
and even the angels are only a dream now.

There is no need to blame, no cause for praise now.  
Nothing to hide, to change or to discover.  
They were men and women. They have gone their ways  
now,  
as men and women must. The high song is over.

Or again the lyric of the Nun:

In the garden of my Father  
there is a lilac-tree,  
and the fowls of heaven gather  
from all the world for me,

the quail He sent to Moses,  
Elijah's ravens, and,  
all white between the roses,  
in worship's Holy Land,

when the lilac-tree is bending  
beneath the weight of love,  
I have heard wings descending,  
but dared not see the Dove.

Or—for a last quotation in this kind—one stanza  
from 'The Lovers':

For love has but two notes, and those notes shake  
beyond themselves from the heard to the unheard note,  
and so fall back. And in dark the lovers wake,  
but we shall not wake in dark, for this is the third note.

Yet these and their fellows, though an essential part of the main theme, are subordinate. Apart from the lyrics and sonnets which illustrate, the poem is written in one stanza-form: a six-lined stanza, with a curve and fall at the end like the stretched pause and long dispersal of a wave. And in this form are expressed a history and a philosophy. The philosophy is not new: it is the one with which humanity is most familiar—and which humanity has most ignored: the philosophy which teaches that whoso loses himself shall find himself. The losers are the Common Man, the Common Woman, the Soldier, the Harlot, the Huckster, the Nun, the Anarchist, the Respectable Woman: the winners are the Lovers, the Builder, the Teacher, the Saints (with St. Francis and St. Joan for types), the Uncommon Man and the Uncommon Woman. But in the end, in a gathering of the phrases and images on which the various harmonies have been built up, losers and winners meet in the eternal paradox:

Thus lovers, Builder, teacher, and the Saint,  
the uncommon man and woman, glory gain  
to find their little victories grow faint,  
and all their battles to be fought again  
and never can  
do more than prove for the common woman  
and man,

that woman, who bears, has a higher fate than bearing,  
woman, that gives, outlasts both giving and taking,  
woman, that loves, outloves the need of caring,  
and woman, that fails, is of her failure making  
the only guess  
of our brief hearts at sempiternal loveliness,

that these are the losers of the world, and they have it,  
they are the lost archangels, and they rise,  
they have cheated the faith they had, and God forgave it,  
are blind and see in His forgiving eyes,  
and, having died,  
of life eternal are the bridegroom and the bride.

It remains to be said that quotation, though necessary, is insufficient to reveal, or even to indicate, the quality of the whole. You may admire portions of the poem more than others—that, in a work of this length, is inevitable; but you will admire each portion more *because* of the whole. With each book that he publishes, Mr. Wolfe lends an added sharpness to the excitement with which we wonder how high he may ultimately climb. 'Requiem' is the biggest thing that he has so far attempted, and the most beautiful thing that he has so far achieved; and, by its size and beauty, it points on to something beyond itself.

## PRISONERS OF THE BASTILLE

*Memoirs of the Bastille.* By Latude and Linguet. Translated by J. and S. F. Mills Whitham. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

NO one would wish to deprive the Bastille of its gloomy eminence, as the most famous of all state prisons since history began. But the more one reads of its records (such as still exist), the more the conviction grows that the horror which surrounds its name was due to the manner in which its victims were suddenly arrested, without trial, and spirited away, beyond all human ken, perhaps for the rest of their lives—to its sinister air of mystery, in fact, of which the case of the "man in the iron mask" is typical—rather than to anything that can actually be shown to have happened within its walls.

Latude and Linguet are both hostile critics. Neither of them had rendered himself legally liable to imprisonment, though both had behaved in a manner that might be described, in modern parlance, as "asking for it." They were men with a grievance, and Linguet had a special, personal grudge against the last Governor of the Bastille, poor de Launey, whose head was later to be carried on a pike, at the head of the revolutionary mob. Linguet's is by far the more damaging indictment of the two. He goes into more detail, and is not an obvious liar like Latude. One of Latude's complaints is that his name was altered, to conceal his identity from the world; but we know now that he was entered under the name he then bore, and that the whole of his own story of his birth and parentage is pure invention.

Linguet, whose incarceration took place in 1780 and lasted for two years, makes definite charges against the prison authorities. The system was for the king to pay a fixed—and fairly generous—sum for the upkeep of each prisoner; and the prison governor, to whom the money was paid, doubtless did well enough out of it. Linguet complains that he got insufficient fuel for his fireplace; but it is interesting to know that he had a fire at all. He received his bottle of wine every day, according to the regulations; but the wine was "like vinegar" and the food monotonous—which is just what one would expect. And this was written at a time when prisoners in English gaols like the Fleet were virtually starved to death if they could not obtain food of their own. He complains of being made to clean his own cell, and of being forbidden to possess knives or scissors, both of which regulations are in force in every prison in the civilized world to-day. He exclaims that they refused him permission to import a feather-bed, or wall-paper, whereas Madame de Staël was allowed to hang tapestry in her cell! He objects to being separated from the other prisoners; but half a century later that was precisely what the English prison reformers were demanding. The delay in procuring warm clothes for him was almost certainly due to incompetence, not cruelty, as he suggests. Even his complaint of lack of exercise is unconvincing. The one really genuine grievance is that he never should have been there at all without a trial.

Latude is a far more human and amusing person, though a less accomplished writer. His experiences are more varied than Linguet's. During his thirty-five years in prison he escaped three times, and was on each occasion recaptured. After one of these failures he spent no less than forty months in chains in a dungeon, making friends with the rats. His condition at that time was terrible, but he gives us disappointingly few details, being more concerned with his interminable plans for getting out, or in drawing up memorials to the king. His escape over the walls by a rope ladder was an astonishing exploit, but he lacks the literary skill of a Cellini or a Casanova to describe it. A gallant pertinacious rascal, with a portentous manner and "a voice like

thunder," he ended his days in the enjoyment of freedom and a pension from the revolutionary government which he had really done nothing to deserve. The publication of these declamatory reminiscences of his is said to have been a direct cause of the fall of the Bastille.

This book is a welcome addition to the Broadway Library of Eighteenth Century French Literature. The translators have done their work well. It is not their fault that, to the modern eye, these memoirs hardly seem to deserve their reputation, either as "shockers" or as clarion calls to an oppressed people.

### FRANCES TROLLOPE

*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Frances Trollope. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

IN 1827 an Englishwoman set out for New Orleans with three of her six small children. Her object—as madcap as any plan that a human head can have carried across the Atlantic—was to start a department store in the middle-west (in an America cruder by sixteen years than the one seen by Martin Chuzzlewit), for the sale of fancy goods. Three years later her capital was gone; the goods sent from England to stock the "bazaar" had been sold to pay for the building; and there remained in Cincinatti to mark her failure only "a large Græco-Moresco-Gothic-Chinese looking building," known from that day as "Trollope's Folly."

Such was the sole adventure into commerce of Frances Trollope, mother of the novelist. Thomas Trollope, the father, had had a stupid man's vision of American commercial possibilities, and had packed his wife off to carry through his scheme. In 1831 Frances Trollope arrived from privations in America to a poverty-stricken household in England. It was then that with a rare courage she set to work to turn the diary of her travels to some profitable end, and in March, 1832, 'The Domestic Manners of the Americans' was published. For once an adventure into literature compensated an adventure into commerce.

A new edition of this work in Messrs. Routledge's attractive English Library is very welcome following on Mr. Michael Sadleir's 'Trollope.' Mr. Sadleir, who has by now a proprietary right to say anything that is to be said about the Trollope family, writes a very adequate introduction, giving the volume its biographical setting and recounting its reception. 'Domestic Manners' aroused a storm of resentment both in America and among the Radicals in England; with the general it was found curiously piquant. Mrs. Trollope had developed suddenly into a popular, even a notorious, success.

It is small wonder that Americans were annoyed. Mrs. Trollope criticized them from their personal habits—and the cuspidor caused her peculiar and repeated annoyance—to their public institutions, with a racy vigour that they deemed impossible in "a well-bred lady." She portrayed them as without refinement, "the graces, the honour, the chivalry of life"; she abused them as hypocrites "with one hand hoisting the cap of liberty and with the other flogging their slaves"; their religion, with its revivals and camp meetings, was a crude sensationalism or worse in the hands of opportunist lay preachers; women were degraded by the selfishness of men, and consequently society was deficient in manners; the "peasantry" was poverty-stricken and uneducated; literary taste was perverted by "periodical trash"; the pursuit of the dollar was the one aim common to them all. And so on, with a meagre portion of praise squeezed in here and there.

We have had our satiety of American commentators from Dickens to the present day: the same underlying hostility is suggested in the majority of them. But Frances Trollope was a leader in her genre.

Her notes of travel were fresh enough in 1832: groups of men, women and children sitting on a pavement at the Cincinatti market sucking water-melon in a manner "extremely unpleasant"; a visit to a religious camp meeting and the negro tent, with the pink and yellow and silver lace of their clothes, the hysteria, the clamour, the antics of the negro preacher. And there is the man who "spoke to me as Paul to the offending Jews; he did not, indeed, shake his raiment at me, but he used his pocket-handkerchief so as to answer the purpose."

Mr. Sadleir has done well to establish Frances Trollope definitely as a personality for us. Perhaps he will let us have more of her work.

### SCHOLAR AND SAINT

*Baron Friedrich von Hügel: Selected Letters, 1896-1924.* Edited with a Memoir by Bernard Holland. Dent. 21s.

THE late Mr. Bernard Holland rendered a very real service to students of contemporary religion by the compilation of this volume. Endowed with immense learning, Baron Friedrich von Hügel was distinguished no less by his holiness of life than by his wide charity and fearless independence of judgment. He was born a Roman Catholic, and in that faith he died. But there was nothing sectarian about von Hügel's sympathies. Himself of German parentage, he could enter the fullest understanding of the Lutheran religion, and he numbered among his closest friends many leading Anglicans. Throughout the whole of his intellectual life he was actively identified with the Modernist Movement in the Roman Catholic Church. Yet, for some strange reason, he contrived to escape the penalty of excommunication. Even Pius X, who had a faculty of scenting heresy in the most unexpected places, and the early years of whose pontificate were occupied in the congenial task of suppressing all independence of judgment in matters of religion, left von Hügel severely alone. The Vatican is not without its share of worldly wisdom, and the authorities had probably the sagacity to realize that von Hügel, despite his intellectual waywardness, was a very potent influence in the religious thought of this country.

Of the sincerity of his professions there can be no question. When in 1920 he addressed the Junior Members of the University of Oxford, he gave expression to his "very deliberate, now long-tested conviction that, be the sins of commission or omission chargeable against the Roman Catholic authorities what they may, in that faith and practice is to be found a massiveness of the supernatural, a sense of the World Invisible, of God as the soul's true home, such as exists elsewhere, more in fragments and approximations and more intermittently." That was the sustaining principle of his life. His hold upon what he conceived to be the fundamental dogmas of the Catholic faith never wavered. No man laboured more strenuously or more hopefully for the cause of Christian reunion. None the less, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that he was primarily responsible for launching Father Tyrrell on that voyage of free inquiry which ended in the priest's excommunication.

The letters included in this volume cover a period of thirty-eight years. Most problems of current interest—theological, philosophical, historical, literary—are discussed, and each letter is a revelation of the writer's massive, eager and ever-inquiring mind. Among the Baron's correspondents were Bishop Talbot, George Tyrrell, Canon Newsom, Professor Clement Webb and Miss Maude Petre. To each he gave of his best, and each must have found in his letters at once an intellectual stimulus and an almost Christ-like sympathy and understanding. His death in 1924 terminated the career of a scholar and a saint.



## TWO ASPECTS OF BEETHOVEN

*Beethoven: The Man.* By André de Hevesy. Translated by F. S. Flint. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.

*Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas.* By William Behrend. Translated by Ingeborg Lund. Dent. 6s.

BEETHOVEN'S life and his music are so interdependent that any new facts about his character and that of his associates are of value not merely because any information about a great man is of interest to us, but because they may help to elucidate the problems arising out of his works. M. André de Hevesy confines himself to biography, and his book is adequate as a brief guide to the composer's life. Its manner is, perhaps, too romantic and the facts are too wilfully dramatized to suit all tastes. No new light is thrown upon Beethoven himself, but there are some fresh facts about the Brunswicks, the Gallenbergs and others, which were either unknown to Thayer or were suppressed by him. Indeed, the emphasis of the book is upon Beethoven's relations with women. M. de Hevesy has obtained his information from the archives of the Vienna Police and from the private papers of the Brunswick family. As may be supposed from the nature of one of these sources, some of it is unsavoury. However, the unsavouriness is not unduly stressed and this part of the book makes a valuable appendix to Thayer's great 'Life.' We wish that such evidence had been presented more in the scholarly manner usually adopted by French researchers and less in that of the *chronique scandaleuse*.

M. Behrend reviews the influence of the facts of the composer's life upon his music in a study of the pianoforte sonatas. His critical judgment appears to be sound and he does not fall into the usual pitfalls which yawn about the path of enthusiastic literary interpreters of music. He gives, indeed, short shrift to the romantic legends which have grown up around some of these works. Like M. Alfred Cortôt, who contributes a short preface to the book, one may not agree with all that M. Behrend has to say, especially about the late sonatas; but his views always command respect and the book is a useful commentary upon this side of Beethoven's genius. It would have been improved by an essay summing up the development of pianoforte technique, which was one of Beethoven's most influential contributions to musical history and one that was not wholly beneficial. For the domination of the pianoforte, which supplanted the previous domination of the human voice, had a vital influence upon the whole course of music in the century following Beethoven's death. That domination became, in some of its aspects, a tyranny, which has only now begun to be overthrown.

Both these books are well translated and excellently illustrated. M. Behrend also supplies musical quotations and some interesting facsimiles.

## NIMROD

*My Life and Times.* By "Nimrod" (Charles James Apperley). Edited by E. D. Cuming. Blackwood. 20s.

THE revival of interest in Nimrod was recently marked by a reissue of his 'Hunting Tours' and 'Hunting Reminiscences,' edited by Mr. Shaw Sparrow. Now Mr. Cuming has made himself responsible for his 'Life and Times.' This first appeared in 1842 in *Fraser's Magazine*; but after ten instalments the editor considered that his readers had had enough, and the series was brought to an abrupt end.

Nimrod's childhood was passed in a round of riding, coaching and every variety of field sport; the foundations were laid thus early for his remarkable

fame as one of the finest men to hounds of his day; so that when he turned to journalism to extricate himself from his financial embarrassments, he rose almost immediately to the front rank of sporting writers. In these memoirs he draws a delightful picture of his early life and of his home, Plasgronow, in Denbighshire. His father was a squire of the old type, with a host of retainers and a full stable. He was, Nimrod records, a good farmer, whose "operations were confined to the services of four cart horses and a yoke of oxen." These unfortunate oxen were pressed into service by young Nimrod, who "taught them to leap timber, and many were the gates and rails which their poor legs became entangled with." One of the cart horses, incidentally, was used, in emergencies, as a carriage horse, when "by the application of scissors to his heels and a false tail to his stump he made a most respectable appearance."

Nimrod was the second son in a family of eight, six of whom were girls. His mother was "a thoroughbred Welsh woman," a Wynne from Merionethshire, a relation of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. She evidently was conservative; Nimrod records that "upon a point associated with female propriety she firmly resisted the advancing spirit of the age. I allude to ladies calling their husbands by their Christian names, a practice only coming into use in my younger days. 'How horrible it is,' she would say, 'how like any state but the married state to hear a woman call the man to whom she is bound to look up and respect, by the familiar appellation of Tom or Joe.'"

A curious commentary on the age is Nimrod's recollection that, in spite of

two female servants whose duties were confined to the nursery we were all—that is to say, my brother, my six sisters and myself—generally more or less lousy, myself invariably so, as proved by frequent appeals to my head. Some person made us a present of a small microscope, and the favourite object which we were wont to place within its focus was either a flea or a louse. The one was always at hand either in a dog or elsewhere; but when the other was wanting it was instantly produced, provided I was within call. The cover was never drawn blank.

Nimrod's knowledge of horses and proficiency in "making" hunters are too famous to need comment, but it is interesting to find, in his account of his first horse, how rough was the school in which he learnt. This "horse" was a Galloway pony "of prodigious strength . . . the perfect war horse in miniature, having the crest of a stallion (which he was), the mane of a lion; a tail that would have done honour to Denmark; an eye redder than blood, when caught at a certain focus, and indicative of extreme vice; the action of a hackney with the speed of a racehorse; and a temper composed of all the vices that degrade the character of the horse." Not, in fact, a very easy beast to ride, and so impossible to shoe that from the day he was foaled to his death he was never shod without first being cast. Nimrod's prejudices are interesting. He very strongly objected to the practice of "summering" horses at grass. He prided himself, indeed, on having taught people the evils of doing so. His indignation at the first Grand National Steeplechase was unbounded. He stigmatized it as "a disgusting exhibition." But it was always his firm opinion that steeplechasing ruined good hunters.

As his life progressed his good fortune diminished; a growing family, a reduced income, and difficulties and mortifications entangled poor Nimrod. His literary ventures, though lucrative on the whole, did not bring him in enough to enable him to live the life he loved, and he was hampered by debt and lack of money, until his death in 1843. Mr. Cuming has added a few chapters on the last years and filled the gaps in Nimrod's narrative, which he has also pruned with some severity. The book, indeed, owes a great deal to Mr. Cuming's discrimination: as it stands it is a most entertaining record.

## NAPOLEON

*Napoleon.* By Emil Ludwig. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

THE present work, which is earlier than the 'Bismarck' and the 'Wilhelm II' of the same author, has deservedly won great favour in Germany, and now appears in an excellent English translation. With brilliant success it attempts the difficult task of giving the inner history of Napoleon. Battles, negotiations, campaigns are dealt with only as far as they seem to the writer to subserve his main purpose, which is not so much to paint a portrait as to give the history of Napoleon's mind, emphasizing the dramatic and romantic elements. These are duly tempered by a psychological analysis and genuine restraint. The result is less a work of history than a work of art, and the factors which are stressed are those commonly ignored by the historian. The book is one which certainly everyone interested in Napoleon should read, and once begun it will not be easily put down till finished.

Herr Ludwig conceives the story as a great epic and the five subdivisions of the work bear the titles: 'The Island,' 'The Torrent,' 'The River,' 'The Sea,' 'The Rock.' The essential things in Napoleon's character and career are dramatically conceived. Details are strikingly utilized, and only comparatively rarely with an eye for too obvious effect, as when he notes the final entry in the last of Napoleon's schoolboy copy-books: "St. Helena, a small island in the Atlantic Ocean. English colony."

On the whole the good and the bad in Napoleon are equally revealed. As another writer has pointed out, it is difficult to exaggerate either. Herr Ludwig's object, however, is not to narrate but to explain. He believes that, fundamentally, Napoleon's greatest power was imagination. It was imagination which was the real driving force in his self-confidence and energy, and the quality which made possible the supreme conception and manifestation of his political genius, the project of a United States of Europe. Of mere ambition in the usual sense he acquits Napoleon. He dwells rather on his dignity and simplicity, and even his conservative and bourgeois virtues. At the same time he does not conceal the contempt for mankind, the critical aloofness of the foreigner, the understanding of the masses which help to explain his rise to power.

The best indication of the achievement of the book is to say that it is convincing. If there is a criticism to be made it is that the prime importance of the possession of power as a corrupting influence is given insufficient prominence. But the true quality of the man is realized amazingly well and there is hardly more than a suggestion of rose-tinted glasses. For the most part the picture is life-like and true. Best of all, the book conveys the *tempo* of Napoleon's career, from the time of the Italian negotiations, when he exclaimed to the dilatory plenipotentiaries that he might lose battles but would not lose minutes, down to the last dictation when he called history the only true philosophy.

The steps leading to the downfall are traced with rare power and accuracy—the contempt of national feeling in Spain and Germany, the contempt for economics, the contest between the calculator and the dreamer, the hindering of the soldier by the statesman, of the statesman by the soldier, the prolonged treachery of Talleyrand, the constant anxiety as to "what is Paris saying," increasing age and ill-health. But the best and final judgment is that of Napoleon himself: "No one but myself can be blamed for my fall. I have been my own greatest enemy, the cause of my own disastrous fate." This remains true, even if we accept Herr Ludwig's most questionable view, namely, that for ten years after Napoleon's rise all his wars were almost forced upon him.

## NEW FICTION

By T. EARLE WELBY

*To the Lighthouse.* By Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

*The Magic Formula.* By L. P. Jacks. Harper. 7s. 6d.

*The Wall of Glass.* By Amabel Williams-Ellis. Cape. 7s. 6d.

MRS. WOOLF is an enormously clever writer who can yet take a schoolgirlish pleasure in her own cleverness. The type, though necessarily rare, is one that I, in common with every other reviewer, have encountered before. Where Mrs. Woolf is unique, in at any rate my experience, is that her indulgence towards her own cleverness is half humorous. Which, let us hope, means that some day she will lay aside her cleverness, with an ironical wistfulness, and proceed to write the masterly book of which she is clearly capable. Meanwhile, with certain reservations, we may well be thankful for 'To the Lighthouse.' It is not exactly a success, but the world is cumbered to-day with highly successful novels, in which obvious and not particularly worthwhile things are done by competent, complacent writers. Mrs. Woolf, aiming at the almost impossible, achieves it only intermittently; but it is difficult to think of anyone else writing to-day who could have come near to it.

What Mrs. Woolf is about is not the production of "the plain tale, usually of love." She is anxious to extort from the material common to her and other novelists that which shall be expressive of her own peculiar sense of what is significant in life, that and nothing else. Now the very greatest novelists have not fussed themselves about any such enterprise. Balzac, using every sort of material, dealing with life comprehensively, reveals to us (his sense of what ultimately matters not by any deliberate exclusion but inevitably, unconsciously, by the way in which emphasis is distributed. Mrs. Woolf's method is nothing if not deliberate. She will select incidents which are trivial, in order that the emphasis shall be on the inner lives of the characters, not on what is outwardly happening to them. She will devote a prodigious number of pages to the happenings of a single outwardly uneventful day or hour of it. She will relate outer to inner events with an ingenuity that is tireless and may become tiring. She has not confidence enough in herself to give us the whole story, or even to have what is ordinarily understood by a story, in the belief that its intimate significance will emerge under a natural treatment of it.

All the same, she once more proves herself to be a writer with astonishing intuition and mistress of a style that can make the obscurest processes of thought and emotion luminous. There is in her new novel a long description of a family and its friends at dinner which is a triumph:

Nothing seemed to have merged. They all sat separate. And the whole of the effort of merging and flowing and creating rested on her. Again she felt, as a fact without hostility, the sterility of men, for if she did not do it nobody would do it, and so, giving herself the little shake that one gives a watch that has stopped, the old familiar pulse began beating, as the watch begins ticking—

But it is useless to begin quoting a passage far too long for complete reproduction and needing to be reproduced in full for its appreciation. There are a dozen other passages in which the secret reactions of men and women, especially women, to the apparently trifling events of life are rendered with a convincing and elaborate subtlety. To have written them is to have surpassed, in this one respect, almost every contemporary novelist; it is not necessarily to have written a satisfying novel.



The world inhabited by Mrs. Woolf's people, Ramsay, the thinker who has failed after his one important contribution to the thought of his day, Mrs. Ramsay, the children, the woman artist and the awkward young intellectual staying with them, is a world in which rather too much importance attaches to going out and coming in, sitting down and standing. It is a world without the relief of insignificant things. Had there, at that wonderfully described dinner, been two sorts of soup, one feels, the question, "Thick or clear?" would have been asked with anxiety, and on the replies would have depended the future spiritual relations of several of the characters. Certainly, the question whether the family should visit the lighthouse, and the father's prediction of bad weather, suffice to open an immensely complicated theme, and it is not till page 318 that Mr. Ramsay reaches the lighthouse.

The symbolical value of the lighthouse remains obscurer than it should be; and indeed I think the book unhappily named, for it ought to have been entitled, 'Mrs. Ramsay.' The presentation of that woman as she lived, and of her influence after death, is consummate. On the other hand, the parenthetical method of disposing of members of the family in the second part of the book is merely silly. Between such extremes does Mrs. Woolf oscillate.

Mr. Jacks offers us here not new work but a selection of his brilliantly invented stories in which metaphysical problems or religious emotions are exposed to us with a guile which has lured readers to the pondering of ideas from which they would have recoiled in alarm had they come upon them in any abstract treatise. It is too late in the day to praise Mr. Jacks. Let me say only this, that his delight in ideas, in their cogent presentation and in playing with them, is extraordinarily infectious. Free-will and Determinism are not precisely the subjects most enthralling to the ordinary patron of the circulating libraries; but he will find them both exciting and amusing in such a story as 'The Self-deceivers,' and he will not fail to chuckle when he finds himself beautifully trapped at the conclusion. 'The Hole in the Water-skin' gives us in succession the pleasure we get out of Mr. Bramah's 'Kai Lung,' the thrill of a perfect war story, and the imaginative stimulus of a metaphysical idea. But Mr. Jacks could make another volume of selections in no way inferior to this. He has wealth to spare.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis has brought together several stories, many character sketches, and a great deal of political speculation within the covers of a readable and at some points suggestive book. It may or may not deserve to be called a novel; it is certainly an interesting parade of Conservatives, Marxians, old-fashioned Fabians, and the rest of the types in a confused political world. The publishers suggest that after reading her book the perusal of the morning paper will become more exciting than it ever was before. Some such result may very well follow with many people. But will it be very much to the credit of Mrs. Williams-Ellis as a novelist? Mr. Wells, who can do the thing brilliantly at his best, has encouraged the idea that depicting the complicated and largely futile agitations of numbers of contemporary types over politics, social reform, economics is in some way a loftier business than working out in perhaps a single dominating character the effect of devotion to an idea. Mr. Wells can do both: Mrs. Williams-Ellis tends to fritter away her energy in too many directions, partly because she has not decided through whose eyes we are to look at the bustling world she presents to us. The kaleidoscopic effect is not unentertaining, but it leaves the reader unsatisfied. It may seem ungracious to quarrel with a writer for not doing what she never set out to do, but Mrs. Williams-Ellis is too capable to be treated leniently.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Adventure, and other Papers.** By Fridtjof Nansen. The Hogarth Press. 4s. 6d.

THE University of St. Andrews has been fortunate in the quality of its rectorial addresses of late. The "Courage" of Sir James Barrie and the "Independence" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling are both genuine contributions to literature. Dr. Nansen, if he is something lacking in Barrie's whimsical charm and Kipling's direct and forceful speech, has none the less his own individual quota to make to the common stock of culture. His address on "Adventure" is informed throughout with a lofty and passionate idealism. Many years ago he made his name as an explorer, and an explorer he still remains. Peace to-day is the goal of his discovery, and he knows something of the obstacles and difficulties that confront the man who essays to set forth on that perilous adventure. The burden of his message to the world is conveyed in a single sentence: "The touchstone of real culture should be a feeling of solidarity." In the other two addresses which are included in this volume—"No More War" and "Peace"—he gives eloquent expression to that view of political philosophy which regards war as barbarism and looks to the substitution of co-operation for competition as the only effective remedy for our social ills.

**A Little Book of American Verse.** Selected by T. A. Daly. Stanley Paul. 5s.

THIS anthology is dedicated by Mr. Daly, without permission, to "All Lovers of the Laughing Muse." "Lovers of the American Laughing Muse" would have been a more accurate dedication, and admirers of this goddess are not likely to be many outside the United States. Taking this volume as an example, it would seem that American humour is not easily transported over the Atlantic. The selection begins with 'Yankee Doodle,' circa 1776, and examples follow in chronological order until contemporary authors are reached. Only five of the poems belong to the eighteenth century (one of these is by Benjamin Franklin); the majority are by nineteenth-century writers. Altogether ninety-four pieces are included, and most of them, to an English reader, seem quite witless. Bret Harte's 'Plain Language from Truthful James,' and 'The Deacon's One Hoss Shay,' by Oliver Wendell Holmes, are already well-known in this country. The quality of the rest may be gauged by the fact that these two examples seem to be far the best. But the preface by Mr. Daly deserves to be considered as humour. He remarks that "this little book of verse set out originally to be a bigger and more ambitious thing. It was my hope to make it a complete compilation of the full treasury of Humorous verse (made in America) since the first troubadour, lifting his voice in English, first began to carol merrily in this New World. . . . Some day The Complete Book of American Humorous Verse must be given to an expectant, patriotic people. Indeed, yes; but this cannot be it."

**The Main Stream.** By Stuart Sherman. Scribners. 10s. 6d.

'THE MAIN STREAM' is a selection of book reviews contributed by the late Mr. Stuart Sherman to the literary supplement of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Unlike many similar collections of reprinted pieces, most of the twenty-two essays in this volume cannot be charged with the impertinence of trying to get on the library shelves under false pretences. Whether the author dealt with a reprint of Montaigne, or with the latest volume of sardonic horseplay from the pen of Mr. Ring W. Lardner, he wrote literature. So much cannot be said for all the many writers who nowadays think it worth while to reprint everything, however trifling. The most interesting of Mr. Sherman's essays are those which deal with American books and personalities. His description of Miss Edith Wharton as a novelist who likes "to costume the passions" is neatly true, and most effectively does he disengage from the mass of detail which goes to make Dreiser's 'The American Tragedy,' all the virtues of veracity and intelligence in the telling of that long, painful story, and all the vices of redundancy and exhaustive description which go to spoil it. Mr. Sherman seems to have been a tolerant and scholarly critic, in whom erudition did not preclude a lively interest in all contemporary writers. When he cared to use it, he had a nice taste in sarcasm, and he makes good use of it when dealing with Mr. George Moore, with "the sexless intellectuality of certain professors and New England spinsters," and with certain irritating habits of mind peculiar to religious Americans.

**Music in the Poets: An Anthology.** By Esme J. Howard. Introduction by I. J. Paderewski. Duckworth. 6s.

MR. HOWARD, so M. Paderewski writes in his Introduction, is "a youth, scarcely of age, scion of an ancient and illustrious house," who, during a period of ill-health, "turned for recreation to the lofty domain of beauty in poetry and music." Assisted—as he makes acknowledgment—by mother, friends, and secretary, he has selected and arranged in a small volume of not quite two hundred pages a number of poems, or extracts from poems, "inspired by music, or with the idea of music in

them." The taste displayed is irreproachable; the best-known passages from Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Browning and Tennyson are freely quoted; nothing is included which has not received the popular approval of many generations of readers. An exacting critic might perhaps complain that some of the briefer quotations seem a little pointless. Herrick's

The mellow touch of musick most doth wound  
The soul when it doth rather sigh than sound  
may be passed, but the significance of Longfellow's

He is dead the sweet musician!  
He the sweetest of all singers!  
He has gone from us for ever,  
He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music,  
To the Master of all singing.  
O my brother, Chibiabos!

is more difficult to discover.

**Inasmuch.** By J. Hasloch Potter. Williams and Norgate. 5s.

FEW modern institutions have been productive of more good than the Police Court Mission, which celebrated its jubilee a year ago. In Canon Hasloch Potter the Mission has found an able and sympathetic historian. He traces its history from the period of its inception—it began as an offshoot of the Church of England Temperance Society—to the present time. The value of its work has been attested by magistrates and missionaries throughout the country, and Canon Potter has many stories to tell of derelict lives which have been rescued and transformed through its influence. Its work among juvenile offenders has been particularly invaluable, and the author quotes from the letter of a boy delinquent whose case had been dealt with by a Probation Officer. He had been sent to a home in the North, and wrote to his former benefactor: "The best day's work I ever did was when I got copped and brought to your Home. Now have you got another boy to send up here? My old gaffer will take him." The book contains two forewords by the Bishop of London and the Lord Chancellor respectively.

**The Countryman: An Illustrated Review and Miscellany of Rural Life Edited in the Country and Written by Countrymen and Countrywomen Throughout the World.** Idbury, Kingham, Oxford. 2s. 6d. quarterly. No. 1, April, 1927.

THE countryside must work out its own salvation; marking time in the vain hope of government aid only makes the stagnation worse. Moreover, it is perfectly obvious that "anything in the way of Government subsidy or protection must carry in its train Government interference." We are glad to find this unpopular but sensible point of view so emphatically adopted in Mr. Robertson Scott's promising new quarterly, the first number of which contains articles by Lord Ernle, Sir Daniel Hall, Sir Francis Acland (whose forecast of the Acland Committee forestry report shows that our woodlands are still far below the 1917 acreage), and other first-rate authorities. For consistency's sake it is edited from an Oxfordshire hamlet—Idbury, between Burford and Chipping Norton. It offers an independent platform, and is owned by Mr. Robertson Scott himself. The first number is well printed, well illustrated and well got up; it shows imagination and insight, and on its merits ought to be sure of appreciation. But the success of books and periodicals is often in inverse ratio to their deserts, and the very sincerity which places the editor's chair in a hamlet remote from town influences will prove a practical handicap. In wishing *The Countryman* long life and prosperity we must take the opportunity of admonishing all who care for the country in its misfortune that if an enterprise so full of possibilities is allowed to fail for want of support, its blood will be on their heads. Granted encouragement, a review so honestly and ably guided may prove a notable force in the rural revival.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

### ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

**FRANCIS THOMPSON: THE POET OF EARTH IN HEAVEN.** By R. L. Mégroz. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

A comprehensive study by a writer who has dealt with Mr. Walter de la Mare and the Sitwells.

**THE MODERN MOVEMENT IN ART.** By R. H. Wilenski. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Wilenski, writing from an independent point of view, here discusses "Degenerate Nineteenth-Century Art," the technique of the new movement, and the value of modernist painting.

**ESSAYS ON LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ETC.** By Leonard Woolf. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Woolf ranges from Ben Jonson to Mr. George Moore, from "International Morality" to "The Aristocratic Mind."

**EURIPIDES THE IDEALIST.** By R. B. Appleton. Dent. 6s.

Mr. Appleton's approach to Euripides is unusual; he believes Verrall and others to have been mistaken in thinking that, because Euripides broke through conventional religion, his motive in writing was to break through it.

**LONDON ESSAYS IN ECONOMICS: IN HONOUR OF EDWIN CANNAN.** Edited by Professor T. E. Gregory and Dr. Hugh Dalton. 10s. 6d.

**MASTERS OF WAR. AND OTHER HISTORICAL ESSAYS.** By Neville D'Esterre. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

**LAMURIAC AND OTHER SKETCHES.** By The Countess of Cromer. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

**CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF JAPAN AND CHINA.** By Dr. Kyoson Tsuchida. Williams and Norgate. 5s.

**WIT AND WISDOM OF DEAN INGE.** Selected and Arranged by Sir James Marchant. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

**THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES, TRAFFIQUES AND DISCOVERIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION.** By Richard Hakluyt. Volumes I and II. Dent. 5s. Set of Eight Volumes.

A welcome issue, at a moderate price, of this classical record of adventure. There is an Introduction by Mr. Masefield, and Mr. Thomas Derrick contributes numerous illustrations.

**A GREAT MAN'S FRIENDSHIP. LETTERS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO MARY, MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY. 1850-1852.** Edited by Lady Burghclere. Murray. 16s.

The correspondence of the Duke of Wellington with Mary, Marchioness of Salisbury, 1850-52. The Duke himself said that his letters to her were "apart" from the rest of his correspondence. This volume amply proves that the Marchioness had an exceptional place in his confidence.

**BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARIES. 1807-1916.** Algernon Cecil. Bell. 15s.

Mr. Cecil has developed his contribution on this subject to the 'Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy' into a series of careful studies of such dominant figures as Castlereagh, Canning, Palmerston, Salisbury, Viscount Grey.

**THE PRINCESS DES URSINS.** By Maud Cruttwell. Dent. 8s. 6d.

**HISTORY OF THE 60TH DIVISION (2/2nd London Division).** By Colonel P. H. Dalbiac. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

**WORLD-FAMOUS CRIMES.** By F. A. Mackenzie. Bles. 16s.

**A HISTORY OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY. 1914-1925.** By R. B. Mowat. Arnold. 16s.

**JOYS OF LIFE.** By "A Woman of no Importance." Murray. 16s.

**THE LIGHT READING OF OUR ANCESTORS.** By the Right Honble. Lord Ernle. Hutchinson. 15s.

**THE REVOLT OF ASIA.** By Upton Close. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

**THE SEVEN AGES OF VENICE.** By C. Marshall Smith. Blackie. 10s. 6d.

**BENITO MUSSOLINI. AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FASCISM.** By Spencer Jones. Hunter and Longhurst. Paper 2s. Cloth Boards, 3s. 6d.

### POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY

**THE CONDITIONS OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE.** By J. A. Hobson. Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.

Mr. Hobson argues that strikes and lock-outs cannot be averted by *ad hoc* negotiations within single industries, and that what we need is a National Industrial Council fully alive to the interdependence of all industries.

**TRADE UNIONISM AND THE TRADE UNION BILL.** By Ramsay Muir. Williams and Norgate. 1s.

Issued by the Liberal Industrial Inquiry. There is an appendix on the legal position of Trade Unions, to which Mr. Jowitt and others contribute opinions.

**THE INTERNATIONAL COMMONWEALTH.** By R. Gordon Milburn. Williams and Norgate. 3s. 6d.



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By E. Roy Calvert. Putnam. 5s.

## GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ICE AND SNOW. By A. E. H. Tutton. Kegan Paul. 21s.

ALGERIA FROM WITHIN. By R. V. C. Bodley. Hutchinson. 21s.

THE POLAR REGIONS. By R. N. Rudmose Brown. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

## VERSE AND DRAMA

THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF LESSER POETS. Compiled by J. C. Squire. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

This anthology is a courageous attempt to supplement the 'Oxford Book of English Verse,' but though it gives us many neglected and admirable things, it seems somewhat arbitrary in drawing the line between major and minor poets.

POEMS BY LORD BYRON; POEMS BY WILLIAM BLAKE; POEMS BY JOHN MILTON; AND POEMS BY ROBERT HERRICK. Blackie (The "Wallet" Library). 1s. 6d. each.

These editions have good introductions by Mr. Symons, Mrs. Meynell, and others, and are well printed, but the jackets are oddly unsuitable.

THE POEMS OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT. Dent. 12s. 6d.

ALFIERI AND OTHER POEMS. By Eleanor Gray. Kegan Paul. 5s.

SPRING NIGHT: A REVIEW OF YOUTH. By Edward Steese. Erskine MacDonald. 4s.

COIGNS OF VANTAGE. By James Leask. Erskine MacDonald. 3s. 6d.

THE CALL. A Drama in Two Acts by Louis C. Henderson. Daniel. 3s. 6d.

AN UNKNOWN WARRIOR AND OTHER POEMS. By Fielding Fielding-Ould. Mowbray. 3s. 6d.

THE CONNOISSEUR  
NEW BIBLIOGRAPHIES

SEVERAL new bibliographies have recently been issued. The most notable is a 'Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling,' by Mrs. Flora V. Livingston, who is the custodian of the H. E. Widener Memorial Library. It is a substantial and well-printed octavo, circulated in this country by Messrs. Spurr and Swift as agents for Mr. Gabriel Wells, of New York; and it costs £2 12s. 6d. A fresh bibliography of Mr. Kipling's writings may seem to many unnecessary, in view of Captain Martindell's elaborate study, which was revised and issued in a new edition in 1923. Remembering the high price of Mrs. Livingston's book, to which must be added the cost of its now-to-be-discarded predecessors, collectors will naturally expect this new-comer to be a model example and definitive. They will be disappointed, for there are five substantial faults in this bibliography.

\* \*

The first is that though Mrs. Livingston's debt to Captain Martindell is obvious (as, for example, in her comments on editions of 'Departmental Ditties' subsequent to the first, which are mere paraphrases of the notes of her forerunner) yet there are no acknowledgments whatever, and the reader is left to suppose that Mrs. Livingston worked unaided and without a guide. Secondly, without explaining why, the customary rules indicating how the wording of the title-page is arranged are omitted; the text is simply transcribed, usually without any mention of

lines or ornaments. Such parsimony is absurd in a book of this scope. Thirdly, Mrs. Livingston seems to have no sense at all of the relative importance of her entries. Thus she devotes several pages to detailed descriptions of the many unauthorized reprints of 'Recessional' (which, after the first, have no interest at all either for the collector or the textual student); yet concerning the poem 'East and West' (not the famous ballad) which was printed in the *Civil and Military Gazette* in 1885 and in *The United Services College Chronicle* in 1888, and never reprinted later, Mrs. Livingston coolly notes that it was "also issued as a broadside on green paper by Wilson Bros. Bideford." She is seemingly unaware that if her statement is correct this "broadside on green paper" is a hitherto unknown *editio princeps*, and of more importance than fifty unchanged pirated reprints. We are told absolutely nothing more than I have quoted concerning 'East and West,' not even its size or date. Examples might be multiplied.

\* \*

My fourth criticism is that Mrs. Livingston, in her fidelity to Captain Martindell, has omitted to describe, save in the very barest terms, the bindings of the books she writes about. While writing this article I was shown by Mr. C. Paley Scott a freak copy of 'The Seven Seas,' 1896, lettered on the back strip 'The Seven Seas and Other Verses' (the three words last-mentioned do not appear on ordinary copies). On turning to Mrs. Livingston for information, I found that the book "was issued in red buckram, untrimmed." To a collector or bookseller in doubt concerning the correct lettering, this description would be useless. Fifthly, and finally, the arrangement of this

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new bibliography illustrates its author's lack of a sense of proportion. Everything is entered chronologically; first editions, reprints, articles in magazines, anthologies, books containing a Kipling letter or introduction, follow each other in one bewildering and illogical concatenation. Only the index saves the book from formlessness. Its utility would have been quadrupled had its contents been dissected into three sections, thus: first editions, and reprints containing new matter or a revised text; books containing contributions by Kipling previously unpublished in book form; magazines containing contributions by Kipling. Reprints with no textual importance should have been omitted.

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\* \*

On the credit side, Mrs. Livingston has made a great number of very valuable discoveries. The collector desirous of forming a comprehensive Kipling collection will, if he has patience, find her book invaluable. It will not be very welcome news to him that, prior to their publication in book form, many of Mr. Kipling's poems and stories have been printed as pamphlets (mostly for copyright purposes), by American publishers. These new desiderata will add many hundreds of pounds to the sum necessary for the formation of a Kipling Library. Here are a few of the separate first editions now first described: 'His Private Honour,' 1891; 'A Matter of Fact,' (1896); 'Bobs' (a broadside) (1893); 'The Story of Ung,' 1894; 'Hymn Before Action,' 1896; 'Mulvaney's Regrets' (1896); 'Et Dona Ferentes,' 1896; 'The Vampire,' 1898; 'The Destroyers,' 1898. Mrs. Livingston's book shows that Captain Martindell was mysteriously unaware of the copyright edition of 'The Light that Failed,' dated 1890, and of the copyright edition of 'Captains Courageous,' issued by the McClure Co., containing the earliest form of the story. Her list of Kipling's contributions to magazines is far fuller than anything previously attempted. In her analysis of the contents of *The United Services College Chronicle*, far more is ascribed to Mr. Kipling than heretofore; for example, in part VII, 'Answers to Correspondents,' 'Debating Society Notes,' and 'A Rabid Effusion in the Style of the Hunting of the Snark' are added to Kipling's juvenilia. No authority is given for these ascriptions, but they are, presumably, well founded.

\*  
\* \*

Messrs. Dulau & Co., Ltd., have issued in one volume 'Bibliographies of the First Editions of Books by Aldous Huxley and by T. F. Powys,' by P. H. Muir and B. van Thal (3s. 6d. net). Despite the limitation implied in the title, a list of these authors' contributions to magazines is included, though we are not told whether or no these articles and poems have been reprinted. Messrs. Muir and van Thal appear to be accurate bibliographers, and no serious criticism can be offered of their work. Experience has convinced me that it is expedient that printers' imprints should be transcribed in full; but Mr. Muir evidently thinks otherwise. And he is mistaken in supposing that nine of the 'Essays New and Old' were "here collected for the first time." Though well printed, typographically this little book shows some displeasing eccentricities, and its pages are inconsistently arranged. Messrs. Dulau have also published 'A Bibliography of the Works of Captain Charles Johnson,' by Philip Gosse (150 copies at 10s. net). This follows the eccentric example of Mr. Muir in that the type area on each page is centred (though the headline is constant). The popularity of the 'General History of the Pyrates' and the 'General History of the Highwaymen' receives a statistical confirmation in this record of the many reprints of these books. The preface reveals that there is an

entry in 'The History of Printing in America' by Isaiah Thomas, LL.D., Albany, N.Y., 1874, concerning an edition of 'Pirates' printed by Wm. Bradford in New York in 1723, and another concerning a second edition by the same printer in 1724. No copy is known of either of these books, which (if they exist) are the first and second editions respectively, and of great financial value. Mr. Gosse begins with the London edition of 1724.

A. J. A. SYMONS

## LITERARY NOTES

**M**ESSRS. BENN are adding to their successful *Modern World* series a volume on Egypt, by Mr. George Young, whose book on Constantinople attracted considerable attention.

Other announcements by Messrs. Benn include *The City*, a long poem by Miss Ruth Manning-Sanders; *Giants in the Earth*, translated from the Norwegian of Professor Rolvaag, a novel dealing with American life and said to possess exceptional power; three volumes, by Miss Maude Royden, Father Ronald Knox, Professor Julian Huxley, under the general title, *What I Believe*; and *Picturesque Great Britain*, a collection of photographs by Mr. Hoppé and letterpress by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman.

\*

The *Sixpenny Library* published by Messrs. Benn is to have added to it volumes on relativity by Professor James Rice, French literature by Mr. Maurice Baring, the origins of civilization by Mr. E. N. Fallaise, and the mind by Mr. C. E. M. Joad.

\*

Messrs. Cassell, whose business has just passed wholly into the hands of Mr. Newman Flower, announce a new volume of stories by Mr. Arnold Bennett, *The Woman Who Stole Everything*, and *Excursions in Colour*, by Mr. Donald Maxwell, whose drawings depict scenery in many parts of the world.

\*

T. W. H. Crosland deserved a monograph as a "character"; he is, it is announced, to have a full-length biography, by Mr. Sorley Brown, to be published by Mr. Cecil Palmer. When will it be understood that a brief presentation of the humours of such minor writers may serve their fame whereas a biography can hardly fail to suggest inquiry whether the subject was important enough?

\*

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deal of topical interest, since the author has devoted special attention to the rise of Trade Unions.

Among other books which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are publishing is Mr. G. K. Chesterton's new novel, *The Return of Don Quixote*, the story of a fantastic and chivalrous reactionary movement initiated by a bookish recluse. The book was planned and in part written before the war, and is said to be in places curiously prophetic of certain movements of the last few years.

The *Home University Library*, which Messrs. Williams and Norgate now publish at the reduced price of two shillings a volume, is to be continued with books on *Sunshine and Health*, by Mr. R. C. Macfie, *The History of England*, by Mr. E. M. Wrong, and *The Evolution of a Garden*, by Mr. E. N. M. Cox.

Messrs. Macmillan announce the third edition of *Grove's Dictionary of Music*, in five volumes, sold separately, edited by Mr. H. C. Colles. The second edition was some twelve years in completion; but this edition is to be completed by February, 1928. *Grove's* articles are to be retained, the results of later research being appended to them; but some eighty new contributors have been secured. A large number of new illustrations, selected by Mr. Barclay Squire and Canon F. W. Galpin, have been added to those in previous editions.

## THE MAY MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for May, in an article on 'Early Intercourse with China,' by Sir T. G. Scott, gives the story of European knowledge of that country, dealing mainly with Marco Polo. The author does not mention the commerce of Arabic-speaking princes and traders with that country. Mr. Machray writes a personal appreciation of President Masaryk; and Mr. W. B. Kemping revives the memory of our debt to Henry Condell of three centuries' standing. Mr. Whitaker-Wilson takes us back to the Ephesus of A.D. 57 to describe a Pan-Ionic festival; Sir Home Gordon writes on 'Cricket To-Day and To-Morrow.' Mr. Stephen Gwynn's 'Ebb and Flow' deals with Liberalism, Labour and Ireland; Miss Violet Simpson's story, 'A Point of Honour,' is well conceived and agreeably written. Other notable papers are Mrs. Courtney on 'Children's Courts' and Mr. K. Williams on the revival of Islam.

The *London Mercury* devotes its editorial notes to the wireless programmes and the preservation of old cottages. The 'Modern Portrait' is that of Mr. Birrell, and the poetry includes verses by Mr. Yeats, Mr. Marjoribanks and Mr. Ashley. The chief attraction of the number is a story by Max: 'Not that I would boast.' Mr. Gore tells the true story of 'The Ladies of Llangollen'; Mr. Whyman tells us of the history and excellence of 'The Chinese Language,' though he does not notice the speculation of Remusat as to the origin of its script; Mr. Muirhead introduces Carl Spitteler to the general reader; and Mr. Wilkinson reviews Col. Lawrence. Among the 'Chronicles' a new and useful feature is introduced in a critical study of 'Wireless.' Miss Murphy continues her bibliographies of modern authors, dealing with Mr. de la Mare and Mr. Thomas. An interesting number.

The *National Review*, in 'Episodes of the Month,' deals with China, the Soviets, and Germany, American hatred of England, the Trades Unions, and a scheme for cutting down our present Government extravagance; and Lord Hugh Cecil advocates the reception of the revised Prayer Book. Miss Macdonald describes the career of Mr. Burbank of California and his wonderful hybrids; Mr. Kearton tells of 'The Sleeping Habits of Birds'; the Vice-Provost of Eton gives us three stages of the historical appreciation of Sappho; Fitzurse describes a decayed Dorset town; and Mr. Hastings has an African story, 'Achi's Home.' Mr. Maxse writes on *Neon's* book, and is alarmed at the way things are going.

The *Modern Criterion*, after two years as a quarterly, has reverted to the monthly form, preserving the features which have made it one of the most interesting of our reviews. Mr. W. J. Lawrence rejects the view that the first quarto of *Hamlet* was taken down in shorthand and filled in with reminiscences of his part by an actor. He brings sound arguments to show that it is the prompt copy of a company touring the provinces. Miss Elgstrom contributes an impressionist story; the study of 'Poetry and Religion' by M. Maritain is continued, and the reviews are good reading. Mr. Graves goes for Dr. Malinowski

in defence of Dr. Rivers; Mr. T. S. Elliott goes for Messrs. Wells, Belloc, and Murry; and there is a useful account of recent Russian work in 'Foreign Periodicals.'

The *English Review* opens with Sir Lynden Macassey's criticism of the Trade Union Bill and A. A. B.'s scorn of 'Economy and the Electorate.' Mr. Gibbons describes 'The Humours of the Polling Booth' from inside; Mr. Raynes studies 'Socialist Songs'—which are mostly very poor; Mr. J. O. P. Bland has revisited Western Ireland, and finds it little changed in essentials, and Miss Hamilton describes 'The Descent of the Holy Fire'—an old subject quite well treated. There are two short stories. A special feature of this review is its book-notices.

The *Adelphi* gives notice that the next number will be its last, though the editor promises an occasional review if sufficient subscribers can be obtained. Mr. Langer's tale of a Russian lazaretto is continued with all its horrors; a number of poems are printed of varying worth; and 'The Life of Jesus' is concluded.

*Blackwood* opens with another variant of the old 'Nana Sahib' story; Fulaker calls up all the mysteries of native medicine and sorcery in 'The Savage as Scientist'; A. B. H. tells of her trials in 'Housekeeping and Life in the Malayan Rubber'; Flying Patrol describes how he lost himself in the clouds during the war because a provident Scot had put a bag of magnets near the compass; J. E. describes a West Indian diver and fisherman in 'Emrod'; and Mr. King-Hall gets even with 'Three French Ladies' by telling their story from the Navy side. 'The Phantom Bride' might have been a good story in the eighteenth century; and 'Musings without Method' are almost mild when compared with some previous efforts.

*Cornhill* has a first-class paper on 'Mark Pattison' by Mr. Stephen Gwynn; a criticism of modern artists and their beslavers by Miss Elizabeth Walsley; a short story of how an artist fled from prosperity, excellently told by Mr. Jan Gordon. Mr. Stanley Weyman gives us an historical study of Lady Suffolk; and Col. Legard writes on 'The Reform of the Calendar.' Surely he ought to recognize that no reform involving a change in the age-long succession of the days of the week has the slightest chance of general adoption. A fixed Easter is possible, and reformers should concentrate on it. 'Concerning Elephants' is a subject which is always interesting.

*Chambers* concludes a very good serial, 'A Jockey in Exile,' and there are other stories and articles of interest. Mr. Douglas Dewar is good on 'The Excitements of Bird Life.' 'Hotel Books' has a good subject, but many travellers have found themselves worse off than Mr. Grubb.

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## ACROSTICS

## PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 268

TWO THOROUGHFARES OF LONDON CITY FAMED,  
FROM WELL-KNOWN HIGHWAY ONE, ONE FROM ITS BUILDER NAMED;  
EAST OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD THEY'LL BOTH BE FOUND.

1. A worthless rascal, sir: curtail the hound!
2. The tuber suits us: take the jug away.
3. While threading it we lost the light of day.
4. A modest plant, despite its braggart name.
5. Guilty of this, of course we blush for shame.
6. Rapacious insects, eager for the chase.
7. Than his, I never knew a harder case.
8. "Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."
9. May dare to glance at one who fills a throne.
10. A boon to such as have no head for figures.
11. Did we not right, friend, thus to treat our — negroes?
12. Him not to hate the Hebrews were admonished.
13. The signs he wrought all people much astonished.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 266.

L	ync	H	1 As under cover of departing Day
E	ol	Us	Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
M	ediu	M	Once more within the Potter's house
M	aximu	M	alone
E	qu	Ipage	I stood, surrounded by the shapes of Clay.
R	amada	N <sup>1</sup>	FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, lxxxix.
G	o	G <sup>2</sup>	<sup>2</sup> Ezek. xxxviii, xxxix.
E	ehsna	B	<sup>3</sup> The great brand
I	nh	Ibit	Made lightnings in the splendour of the
E	xalibu	R <sup>3</sup>	moon,
R	ose-bu	D	And flashing round and round, and whirl'd
			in an arch,
			Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
			Seen where the moving isles of winter
			shock
			By night, with noises of the northern sea.
			So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur.
			Tennyson, Morte d'Arthur.

ACROSTIC No. 266.—The winner is Mr. J. A. Christie, 20 Royal Circus, Edinburgh, who has selected as his prize 'A Frenchman Looks at the Peace,' by Alcide Ebray, published by Kegan Paul, and reviewed in our columns on April 23 under the title 'The Carthaginian Peace.'

ALSO CORRECT.—Ape, Armadale, Baldersby, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, C. H. Burton, Mrs. J. Butler, Mrs. Ruth Carrick, Ceyx, F. F. Gordon Clark, Coque, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Maud Crowther, Reginald P. Eccles, Eyelet, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Iago, Jeff, Jerboa, Jop, Miss Kelly, Lillian, Madge, Martha, Met, N. O. Sellam, Nosredla, Peter, F. M. Petty, R. Ransom, Shorwell, Sisypheus, St. Ives, Trike, Twyford, W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zero.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Bolo, J. Chambers, D. L., East Sheen, Mrs. Edwards, Falcon, G. M. Fowler, John Lennie, Mrs. A. Lole, G. W. Miller, Presto, Quis, Rabbits, Rho Kappa, Sydney, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Mrs. Gordon Touche, H. M. Vaughan.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Lady Mottram, Stucco, Yewden, MARTHA.—Regret omission.

C. J. WARDEN.—Your solution of No. 264 did not reach us, but will mark you one light wrong.

YENDU.—Regret error. Your total is now Two Lights wrong. The attention of Competitors is again drawn to the fact that solutions must reach the SATURDAY REVIEW Office by the first post on Thursday morning.



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## Pages from the Diary of an Austin Owner

Page eleven

After yesterday's experiences, I've come to the conclusion that "there's nothing like weather"—when it happens to be of the traditional English brand! A perfectly ghastly day.

Pitiless rain, interspersed with icy showers of sleet—and me with a hundred-and-thirty soaking miles to cover against a biting head wind! But the good old Austin behaved wonderfully, and never was I more thankful for the completeness and excellence of her equipment. Not a drop of rain did her hood and screens let in: not for a moment did her engine falter or her batteries shirk their job. And when she glided into her "stable," only four hours from the start, she was purring as happily as if Jupiter Pluvius simply didn't exist.



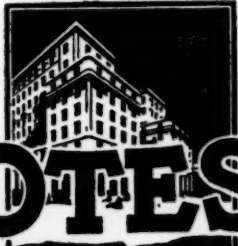
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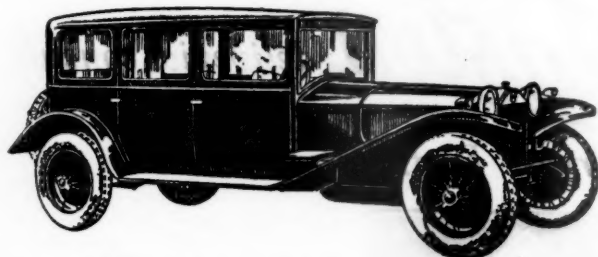
## MOTORING

## FAST TOURING CARS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE Essex Motor Club is holding to-day a six hours' race on the Brooklands track for fast touring cars as distinct from racing machines. As thirty-four entries have been received for the event, and the cars entered are representative products of England, France, Belgium, Italy and Germany, motorists will be able to form an opinion of the comparative abilities of the cars under severe strain. Mr. Louis Coatalen, the designer of the Sunbeam which recently broke the world's records for short distances, has entered two Sunbeam cars, which will be driven, respectively, by Major H. O. D. Segrave and Mr. George Duller. Bentley motors have also entered a car, to be driven by their Chairman, Captain Woolf Barnato. Other Bentley cars have been entered, and a keen fight will no doubt be witnessed between the three Sunbeam cars entered, the four Bentleys, a Vauxhall and Austro-Daimler in the large car class, while an Excelsior from Belgium will also dispute the supremacy with them. The race, as previously mentioned, is not for racing cars as such, but for fast touring cars, and is specially organized in such a manner that the owner of any sports car could compete if he wished, the only deviations from standard practice being those which are adopted naturally by any motorist really keen on tuning his car to obtain better results than were possible when it was new. Dr. J. Bengafeld, Mr. E. Laurence Meeson and other private owners have entered the cars they use for ordinary transport.

Besides the larger cars taking part in this race, there is a nice assortment of the popular one-and-a-half-litre class, as the best types of the twelve horse-power rated cars, such as Aston-Martin, Alvis, Frazer-Nash, Lea-Francis, O.M. and Hampton are competing. The two-litre class is also represented by several cars, as the Lagonda, O.M. and Diatto, while the presence of the small but very swift Amilcars, Salmsons, and Austins allow buyers the pleasure of seeing cars that lie within their means taking part in the race. There has never been a race of quite this character in this country for three-litre, two-litre, one-and-a-half-litre and one-litre cars of the actual type which can be used as they stand as fast touring cars on the road, while the whole purpose of allowing a certain number of alterations, such as increased compression, stronger valve springs, and details of this nature, is to encourage private motorists to experiment with standard cars. The lessons learnt therefrom can be applied directly and not indirectly, as is the case with developments from genuine racing machines. The awards for this race are proportionate to performance and the size of the engine of the car, although the first prize will be given to the car which covers the maximum distance; a minimum distance is set for accomplishment according to the capacity of the engine. When the minimum distance has been covered, the car that exceeds that minimum by the greatest number of miles wins. The basis of this estimated and set minimum of performance for each vehicle is the experience gained at Le Mans, during the annual twenty-four hours' races, the smaller cars having to attain a rather longer minimum than is the case for Le Mans, because their efficiency is relatively higher for the shorter time of six hours. The race starts at 11 a.m. to-day (Saturday).



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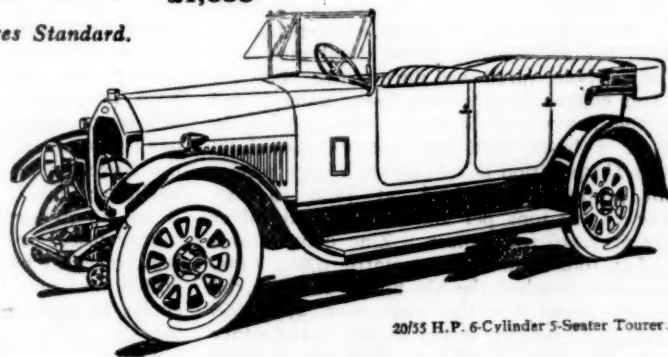
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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**R**AILWAY stocks generally in the last two or three weeks have shown decided improvement, and Southern stocks have picked up from the worst. Affairs in our economic world have a knack of resulting in compensations, for if on the one hand the Southern Company escaped many of the bad effects of the prolonged coal stoppage, on the other hand it will not benefit from the appreciable increases in rates granted to the railways as a whole to anything like the same extent as other lines—as the L. & N.E., for example. Still, a useful increase of about £250,000 therefrom is expected if 1927 turns out a normal year. The most important factor in the prospects of the Southern line are associated with its big programme of electrical development. The direct current 600-volt third-rail system has now been adopted as a standard for the three companies concerned, and when the work in hand is completed the company will have 732 miles of line electrified, while still further extensions will rapidly be put in hand. Incidentally, it is generally admitted that the benefits of electrification formerly undertaken has been a big factor in the obvious stability of earnings over the past three or four years. Developments at Southampton, though results may be some time in coming to hand, are of great importance to the company, which, it may be pointed out, has this year been doing excellent business with its steamers and docks. Given a normal advance in trade and a consequent improving national purchasing power, the Southern Company should be the first to establish its ability to earn the much desired standard revenue. A glance at the chairman's speech at the meeting in February last will show the stress put on the extent to which the vast capital sunk in a national industry is prejudiced by road transport. Certainly, if justice asserts itself, we shall no longer see that absurd state of affairs in which the railways are big contributors to the upkeep of the roads and are yet debarred for all practical purposes from their exploitation. In such a development the Southern line will be in an interesting position. Weighing the pros and cons, the outlook for Southern deferred ordinary stock appears distinctly favourable, and the stock should steadily improve its investment status in the next twelve months.

## BURMA CORPORATION

Investors will remember that Burma Corporation shares in the post-war past have enjoyed a considerably higher level of prices than the modest 14s. or so now asked for the shares. Base Metal producers have not, as a whole, fared well during 1926, because zinc, lead and copper have shown lower values, and because of the heavy fall in silver—silver being in the nature of a by-product with many base metal mines. Burma Corporation is, of course, a huge proposition, with production of lead, at June 30 last, running over 51,000 tons per annum, and with silver for the year at 5,216,102 ounces. Zinc concentrates totalled 33,643 tons and copper matte 9,869 tons. Total ore reserves reached the big figure of 4,141,508 tons. The net profit for the year was £948,668 against £953,418, results being highly satisfactory in view of the decline in metal and silver prices. With normal prices ruling, 1926 results would have been

increased by about £127,000. An interesting point in connexion with this well-known mine is the rapidly increasing volume of zinc concentrates, which, owing to their being sold as concentrates for shipment, lose most of their potential value. The company is considering as a highly important development the future extraction of both zinc and copper as metal, which will mean retaining as profit large values at present lost. The usual interim dividend of 6 annas tax free has been paid this year. At 14s. 6d. on the basis of last year's dividends the field is about 8% tax free. It is not improbable that the present moderate value of the shares adequately discounts the temporarily unfavourable prices of metals, although silver, one is glad to see, is above the worst. Certainly, in taking a long view Burma Corporation shares offer sound prospects for those buying to hold.

## AN INTERESTING GUARANTEED PREFERENCE SHARE

The Parkinson Stove Company, Ltd., Cumulative 7% Preference shares are interesting at around 19s. 3d. in view of the very considerable advantages that in 1926 have accrued to most companies whose activities are supplementary to the gas industry. The shares are guaranteed as to capital and dividend by Parkinson and W. B. Cowan, Ltd. The guarantee is subject to the condition that this controlling company has the right to purchase from holders outstanding Preference shares of Parkinson Stove Company on due notice at 22s., plus accrued dividend. The Preference shareholders are also protected in respect of their guarantee by the parent company's undertaking that charges superior to the obligation of the guarantee shall be limited to one-third of its paid-up capital. The average profits (before Income and Corporation Profits tax) made by W. Parkinson and Company, and W. B. Cowan for the four years preceding March, 1926, amounted to £71,198, which is sufficient to cover the dividend on Parkinson Stove Company's Preference shares more than five times over. In respect of that part of the guarantee which has reference to capital, the guaranteeing company's surplus over liabilities, including Debentures, was roughly equal to more than four times the amount of the total Preference shares in issue.

## COTTON-GROWING COMPANIES

It is certainly not a difficult matter to perceive in which direction the huge inundation of the Mississippi valley will exert a favourable influence. The inference is that the coming cotton crop will be seriously affected, so that it is hardly surprising to find that land companies specializing in cotton-growing have shown a better tendency. Sudan Plantations, as the leading unit in this category, look distinctly attractive. On similar lines of argument Bolivian Concessions have been in request; and it is possible that Brazilian Warrants around 5s. will be affected. This last company has fallen away heavily in earning power since the Government of Brazil took a hand in the coffee business; but it has substantial cotton interests in Brazil, in co-operation with Sudan Plantations. Should higher prices for cotton be indicated as the result of the American trouble, every effort will be made both within and without the Empire to make good deficiencies in acreage under the stimulus of better prices for the commodity, and land shares affected should improve.

TAURUS

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### Company Meetings

#### CALCUTTA TRAMWAYS

The ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Calcutta Tramways Company, Ltd., was held on the 3rd inst. at 1 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Mr. John G. B. Stone, chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said: The capital expenditure was £35,614, mainly in respect of additions to their fleet of motor omnibuses. The result of the decrease in traffic receipts, owing to the Communal riots and to the bus competition, was shown in the accounts. In addition, the exchange credit was less by some £10,000.

The working expenses showed an increase of £12,752, due to the additional buses put on the road during the year.

The result was that, after providing for the debenture interest, second debenture sinking fund, and preference dividend, there was an available balance of £119,574. It was proposed to allocate £70,000 to reserve for depreciation, contribute £2,164 to the staff provident fund, pay a five per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares, free of income tax, and carry forward £12,410.

The year had been one of trouble and anxiety, but they believed they could look forward now to more normal times. The communal riots not only caused direct loss, due to the stoppage of the company's services, but during the Pujah holidays in October there was an entire absence of pilgrims and the yearly influx of holiday-makers into Calcutta. The influence of these riots was felt throughout the year, and contributed to general trade depression, reflected not only in their own receipts, but in those of the Indian railways.

Although they had still to contend with considerable omnibus competition, there had been a material reduction in the number of their competitors. They had added to their own fleet of buses, and had a further number still to be delivered, these vehicles being as far as possible employed in acting as feeders to the tramway system. In order, however, more effectively to meet the outside competition and to provide the cheapest possible transportation, they had reorganized and reduced the tramway fares, with the result that they were now carrying in trams alone not far short of the number carried in the best days of 1925, and with the passengers carried by buses the total was more than in that year. In Calcutta there was a large section of the poorer population which did not use the tramway, and it is their object and intent to attract them.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

#### FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

##### ELIMINATION OF SINGLE PREMIUMS

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office was held on the 4th inst. at the Holborn Restaurant, W.C. Mr. Alfred Holmes (chairman), who presided, said the new life assurances were £112,000 less than for 1925, but the decrease arose entirely from the practical elimination of policies subject to single premiums. The assurances subject to periodical premiums were £75,000 more than in 1925. During the year the rates of premium charged for assurances without profits were reviewed and substantially reduced. With regard to the mortality experience, the strain upon the funds of the office was only 47 per cent. of the strain which had been allowed for by the actuary in his calculations. The profit of £75,000 derived from favourable mortality was, with the exception of the previous year, 1925, the largest profit from this source in the history of the office.

The downward fluctuation in premium income during 1926 resulted in an increase in the nominal expense ratio, although the actual commission and expenses of management fell by nearly £8,000. After adjustment has been made for the variation in single premiums there was a reduction of one per cent. in the ratio of expenses to premium income.

The average rate of interest earned was £5 3s. 8d. free of tax, which was 3s. 11d. per cent. more than the rate for 1925. The rate of interest realized on the funds had increased almost every year for ten years past. Although the rate might not continue to increase in the future, they saw no reason to doubt that the interest profits would be maintained at a high level.

In regard to the Century Life, the dividend paid for the year was £35,000, subject to tax, which was equivalent to ten per cent. on the fully paid-up capital of £350,000 and five per cent. upon the book value of the investment. As the additional investment of £140,000 was made just before the close of the year, actually the yield to the Friends' Provident was about 6½ per cent. The combined premium incomes of the fire, marine, and accident departments of the Century were £592,789, an increase of £50,032 over 1925. For last year the loss ratios were not favourable, so that after adding £29,510 to reserve for unexpired risks and making the usual full provision for outstanding claims and contingencies, only a nominal profit of £2,533 remained.

The report and accounts were agreed to.



## Company Meetings

## CORPORATION AND GENERAL SECURITIES, LTD.

## SUCCESS OF RECENT CORPORATION LOANS

THE STATUTORY MEETING of Corporation and General Securities, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, May 3, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., the Marquess of Winchester (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said: 60,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each and 100,000 Management Shares of £1 each had been issued for cash. It is our intention from time to time, and as and when required, to issue the balance of the Ordinary Shares up to 100,000 shares.

Reviewing the general position of your company, its predecessor, during some eighteen months, made successful Corporation issues amounting to over £15,000,000, thus creating a goodwill which is now yours, the substantial character of which can best be appreciated by the fact that our clients have in some cases come back to us when requiring further financial resources, whilst none whom we have served have gone elsewhere. I claim, therefore, that the goodwill of the old company is a real asset created by the patience, tact, and ability of our Managing Director and his chief of staff, Mr. Edmund Daniels. Since our incorporation in the early part of this year, we have successfully handled the following Corporation loans:

Blackpool ... ..	£750,000
Sheffield ... ..	£1,500,000
Bristol ... ..	£2,000,000
Eastbourne ... ..	£546,000
Wigan ... ..	£300,000
Southampton ... ..	£850,000

The whole of the foregoing issues were over-subscribed, with the exception of Sheffield, when the underwriters were called upon to take up 43 per cent., and the present market quotations show a considerable premium over their issue price. I think you will agree that this is very satisfactory.

It is just three months since we received our certificate enabling us to commence business. You will agree with me that activity has been the motto of our existence, and I am confident that that spirit will be maintained.

Not unnaturally, shareholders desire a quotation for the shares they hold, and wish to know when dealings on the Stock Exchange will be permitted. The necessary steps have been taken, and the particulars of the company as required by the rules of the Stock Exchange will form part of Wednesday's financial intelligence.

## VAN DEN BERGS

## STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

Presiding at the TWENTY-SEVENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Van den Berghs Ltd., held on the 29th ult., at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. Henry Van den Berghs (the chairman), in moving the adoption of the report, said that in view of the very adverse industrial conditions which had been experienced in this country during the past year it was gratifying to be able to report the continuance of satisfactory trade on the part of the company. He was convinced that the secret of their success in passing through such troublous times with so little harm was due to the wonderful hold which the company had on the goodwill of the trade, through the excellence of their organization throughout the country, and the general feeling of mutual confidence and interests which existed between their customers and themselves.

The increasing demand for better-grade margarine still continued, and the public and the trade now took very little interest in the cheap and less reputable qualities. Hitherto, in the preparation of margarine and most other foodstuffs a certain very small percentage of what had always been considered harmless preservative had been used. Under regulations recently issued by the Ministry of Health such preservatives were now prohibited, and a certain amount of anxiety had naturally been felt as to the keeping qualities of the article under the new conditions. He was confident that with just reasonable care on the part of the trade to see that their goods were not overstocked no exceptional difficulties were likely to arise.

There had been a further reduction of capital expenditure of about £18,000. This represented the sum by which depreciation exceeded the new additions for extending and improving their plant. The total amount shown as invested in associated and subsidiary companies and advances made to them was reduced by about £220,000 as compared with the previous year. Again, sundry debtors showed the very substantial reduction of £597,000. Stocks were down by £54,000, and cash resources stood at the substantial figure of £250,000, which was £14,000 less than last year. He had much pleasure in pointing to the great improvement in their liquid assets as compared with last year, and the directors considered that the financial position of the company was a very favourable one. The net profits for the year were £350,877, which enabled them to pay a dividend of 12½ per cent. for the year.

The report was unanimously adopted.

## Books

## COLLECTED WORKS. FINE SETS.

- Barrie (Sir J. M.). *Kirriemuir* limited ed. 10 vols. 1913. £7 7s.  
 Beerbohm (Max). Limited ed. 12 vols. 1922. £12 12s.  
 Byron (Lord). 17 vols. Fine set. 1847. £3 3s.  
 Dickens (Charles). Biographical ed. illus. 19 vols. 1902. £5 5s.  
 Fennimore Cooper. 30 vols. 1889. £3 3s.  
 Ireland (Samuel). 9 vols. Beautiful set. 1791-5. £25.  
 Italian Novelists (The). Limited ed. 9 vols. 1892-7. £21.  
 Johnson (Dr. S.). 9 vols. Oxford. 1825. £2 2s.  
 Lytton (Lord). *Knebworth* ed. 40 vols. N.D. £3 10s.  
 Morley (Lord). Limited ed. de luxe. 15 vols. 1921. £15 15s.  
 Morris (W.). Limited ed. 24 vols. 1910-15. £12 12s.  
 Shakespeare (W.). Plays. 1st folio facsimile. 1808. £6 6s.  
 Scott (Sir W.). *Waverley Novels*. 48 vols. 1829. £6 6s.  
 Stevenson (R. L.). *Vailima* limited ed. 26 vols. 1922. £30.  
 Swinburne (A. C.). 1st collected ed. 6 vols. 1904. £3 10s.  
 Thackeray (W. M.). 13 vols. Nice set. 1885-86. £3 10s.  
 Many others in stock.

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 Tennyson. In Memoriam. 1850.  
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